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THE MASQUERS
Hollywood, California
Compliments of J. FRANK STEPHENS



Mr. _____

YOU ARE WELCOME TO BORROW, IF
YOU WILL ONLY RETURN.

PLEASE SIGN A CARD AT THE DESK
BEFORE YOU TAKE ME OUT.

NIGHT HOSTESS



"The Little Casino"

NIGHT HOSTESS

A Dramatic Comedy

BY

PHILIP DUNNING



SAMUEL FRENCH

Thos. R. Edwards Managing Director
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

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The following is a copy of the programme of the first performance of "NIGHT HOSTESS" as played at The Martin Beck Theatre, New York City, Wednesday evening, September 12, 1928

JOHN GOLDEN

presents

NIGHT HOSTESS

By PHILIP DUNNING

A Dramatic Comedy

Staged by Winchell Smith

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RAGS CONWAY.....	NORMAN FOSTER
BUDDY MILES.....	RUTH LYONS
CHRIS MILLER.....	AVERELL HARRIS
JULIA.....	GAIL DeHART
BEN FISCHER.....	MAURICE FREEMAN
TOM HAYES.....	CHARLES LAITE
TISH.....	PORTER HALL
HERMAN.....	JOHN L. KEARNEY
HENNESSY.....	FRANCIS O'REILEY
FRANK WARDELL.....	HAROLD WOOLF
PEGGY.....	LOUISE KIRTLAND
JOE.....	HENRY LAWRENCE
DOT.....	LILIAN LYNDON
RITA.....	JANE ALLYN
FIRST CHUMP.....	J. S. BOATSMAN
SECOND CHUMP.....	CHESTER De WHIRST
CYRIL ("DUKE") KEANE.....	GRAHAM VELSEY

MUSICIANS.....	{	NICK NARDULLO
		CARL ALPS
		LARRY ROLAND
		NORMAN LEVENE
		NED NORTON
OTHER HOSTESSES.....	{	PEGGY VAUGHN
		DORIS PODMORE
		BARBARA WILLISON
		HELEN HENDERSON
		HELEN McKAY
		KATHERINE BURNS
		JANET SPITZER
CROUPIERS.....	{	JEFF GAINES
		PHILIP FRANK
		WILLIAM COX

OTHER ATTENDANTS.....	{	JOHN HUMPHREY
	{	GEORGE WRIGHT, JR.
	{	J. H. HARTLEY
	{	JAMES G. MORTON
	{	BJORN M. KOEFOED
	{	JACOB FRANK
	{	BURLEIGH MORTON
WINNERS AND LOSERS.....	{	GEORGE NOLAN
	{	HARRY L. BECK
	{	JANE DIX
	{	MAY RICE
	{	BETH GEAR
	{	ELSIE HYDE
	{	RICHARD TERRY
HOODLUMS.....	{	ELLSWORTH JONES
	{	JOHN LEFEVRE

SYNOPSIS

Act I Evening.

Act II The Next Afternoon.

Act III Early the same night.

The Action takes place in the lounge room of the "Little Casino,"
an exclusive gambling establishment.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS IN "NIGHT HOSTESS"

RAGS CONWAY, a breezy youth of about 23 years. He affects the loud clothes of a vaudevillian.

BUDDY MILES, the star hostess and entertainer of the "Little Casino." She is young and very lovely. The necessity of self-preservation has made her sophisticated and worldly-wise, but this has not destroyed her natural freshness and charm. She is gorgeously gowned.

CHRIS MILLER, a racketeer and a partner with BEN FISCHER in the "Little Casino." He is a well-built, handsome man in his early forties. He is immaculately dressed in a tuxedo.

JULIA BARNES, an ex-chorus girl who acts as a hostess at the "Little Casino." She is beautifully built; while she is still young, dissipation and unhappiness have taken their toll on her once devastating beauty.

PEGGY, a sassy little chorus girl who works as a hostess at the "Little Casino."

BEN FISCHER, principal owner of the "Little Casino." He is a striking personality; Jew of middle age. His left arm is paralyzed with rheumatism. Though a man of uncanny shrewdness in the precarious business he pursues, he has a strange code of honor and lives up to it religiously. He is dressed in evening clothes.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

TISH, *serves in the capacity of BEN FISCHER'S body-guard, also inside doorman at the "Little Casino." He is probably forty years old, of unimposing physique, a silent man whose face is an eternal enigma. Such emotions, if any, as he experiences are carefully concealed behind this silent mask. His conversation is monosyllabic. He wears a neat uniform.*

HENNESSY, *a middle-aged, grey-haired man whose benignant countenance and manner are vaguely suggestive of the ecclesiastical. He is the floorman in the gambling room at the "Little Casino." A cruelly cold and calculating manner and character.*

FRANK WARDELL, *a middle-aged, successful business man. He wears evening clothes.*

TOM HAYES, *a quiet, kindly person. Not at all the conventional detective type. By his dress and manner one would take him for a working man. He wears a cap and an unpressed suit. Is about 40 years old.*

CYRIL KEANE THE "DUKE," *is a young Englishman, probably about 30 years old, of breeding and poise, immaculately dressed in evening clothes.*

HERMAN, *big tough old fashioned bartender type about 40 years of age.*

MUSICIANS, HERMAN, TISH, JOE, ELEVATOR BOY *wear neat uniforms.*

RAGS *wears a uniform to match the others in Act III.*
All other players wear evening clothes.

ACT I

ACT I

SCENE: *The lounge at "The Little Casino." Night.*

Down right one door to BEN'S office.

Up right two large doors opening into gambling room—up right centre up three steps is a small elevator (self-service). Side entrance to bar left of elevator. Bar room centre up one step—doors of large bar room opening to separate bar from lounge.

Left side of bar a door opening near small check room up left centre. Also up left near check room a large hall door with bolt and peep-hole—outside in hall an elevator for guests. Down left two steps leading to steps going upstairs to rooms. In check room a telephone—centre a settee—small coffee table with ash-tray at right of settee. A side-chair is right centre. Arm chair at right.

A small inter-office phone is on wall below hall door left. Before curtain music is heard playing.

AT RISE: *At rise of curtain, the doors separating the bar from the lounge are open. We see the small but elegantly appointed bar-room in full operation. The walls of the room are a riot of color, painted in futuristic design. The lighting and general effect of the room is ultra modernistic. The bar itself is about six feet long, painted in silver with a bright green top, two collapsible Chinese red stools are attached to side of bar. HERMAN, the bartender, in bizarre uniform, stands behind the bar*

mixing the drinks. The room is crowded to capacity with fashionably gowned women and men in evening clothes. Some of them sit on the stools in front of the bar, others are grouped around the bar, drinking.

MUSIC PLAYING "*Way High Up, Up in the Hills.*" (Play about 16 bars.) SAX PLAYER dancing in bar. People watching him.

Lights are full up.

TISH stands outside check room door.

HENNESSY stands back of settee centre giving orders to ELEVATOR BOY. ELEVATOR BOY crosses left and exits hall door. DUKE and CHRIS enter from game room. DUKE stops to talk to HENNESSY back of table right centre. CHRIS leaves DUKE, crosses front of settee and exits upstairs left.

BEN comes from check room where he has been phoning—crosses to office down right and exits.

One of the HOSTESSES comes from game room and joins another HOSTESS who is standing left of doors centre. Just then the dance finishes. There is applause and they go into bar for a drink. SAX PLAYER holds out his hat—People drop coins in it.

Orchestra plays another number, "*Constantinople,*" immediately after the dance. (No SAX.)—One chorus, a verse and then another chorus.)

Two HOSTESSES standing left of doors centre go into bar and join the other HOSTESSES. JOE closes game room doors from inside.

MAN seated right of doors centre rises and joins the HOSTESSES—buys them a drink.

Hall Buzzer is heard.

TISH *goes to hall door.*

HENNESSY *goes to gambling room doors and stands there.*

TISH *peeks through shutter and admits DOT and RITA HOSTESSES. They have TWO CHUMPS with them, one tall and one short and bashful. TISH takes their hats, etc.*

DOT. [*Crossing to back of settee.*] Hi, there, Tish. Hi, there, English. [*FIRST CHUMP follows her. RITA drops down left centre. SECOND CHUMP goes down left.*]

DUKE. [*Crossing front to left centre.*] Ah, Dotty, old dear, how are you? Cheerio, Rita.

RITA. [*To DUKE.*] You're not going away mad, are you, Duke?

DUKE. Oh no. Not just yet—telephoning, that's all. [*Exits into check room up left.*]

RITA. Where's my little darling? [*To SECOND CHUMP who is behind her.*] Come on, don't be bashful.

[*SECOND CHUMP crosses front to right of settee looking about.*]

SECOND CHUMP. Gee whillikins, this is great.

FIRST CHUMP. Yes, we were fo'tunate in meeting you ladies—

DOT. I'll say you were.

SECOND CHUMP. So do I.

DOT. [*Notices FIRST CHUMP with quart bottle under his*

arm which he starts to put on settee.] Check that thing. Do you think you're in Chattanooga?

SECOND CHUMP. [*Laughs.*] There ain't nothin' like this in Chattanooga.

[TISH *comes down to left of* FIRST CHUMP.]

FIRST CHUMP. [*Puts bottle in top coat, hands coat to* TISH.] Handle with care, son.

TISH. [*To* RITA.] Don't he want to check his stilts?

FIRST CHUMP. Silts?

TISH. I beg your pardon—my mistake.

HENNESSY. [*Coming down right centre.*] Good evening, ladies.

[SECOND CHUMP *crosses back of settee, gives his hat to* TISH *who goes into check room.*]

DOT. [*Going to him to right centre.*] Hi there, Mr. Hennessy, I want you to meet a couple of full grown he-men.

[FIRST CHUMP *goes front of settee to* HENNESSY.]

HENNESSY. [*Crossing to front of settee, shakes his hand.*] Pleased to meet you—welcome.

[DOT *drops down right.*]

[SECOND CHUMP *drops down left centre. HENNESSY crosses* FIRST CHUMP, *goes to* SECOND CHUMP, *shakes his hand.*]

FIRST CHUMP. How do you do, sur.

SECOND CHUMP. I'm glad to know you, sur. [FIRST CHUMP *goes up centre—takes a look in bar—then comes down left of settee.*]

DOT. [*Right of settee.*] A couple of good-time Charlies all the way from Tennessee. And from now on—both members of this club.

RITA. [*Down left centre.*] Show these Southerners some Northern hospitality.

HENNESSY. With pleasure. [*Crosses right front of settee.* FIRST CHUMP starts to follow him.]

SECOND CHUMP. [*Smiles bashfully at RITA.*] Thank you.

[HENNESSY smiles, the game room doors are ajar—the suppressed murmur of voices and purring of roulette wheels are audible and the chips make a soft clatter on the table.]

RITA. [*Goes back of settee.*] How about a little snifter first, what say?

[HENNESSY goes up to game room doors, stands there.]

SECOND CHUMP. [*Goes to RITA, looks at her and smiles bashfully.*] All right, you have the bottle, Clarence.

FIRST CHUMP. [*Starts for check room front of settee to left centre.*] Dot told me to check it. It's in my coat.

DOT. [*Following him, crosses front of settee to right of him.*] Oh, we won't need your bottle here. It isn't being done.

RITA. [*Going to right of DOT.*] No, save your white mule till later.

DOT. You can have anything your little heart desires in this place of sin.

[SECOND CHUMP comes down to right of RITA.]

FIRST CHUMP. Well, I desire you. [*Tries to kiss DOT.*]
DOT. Oh, now you get out. Don't be that way. [*Music in bar stops.*]

RITA. [*Putting her arm around SECOND CHUMP.*] Your friend is a fast worker. [*BUDDY comes down the stairs left.*] [*RITA pats SECOND CHUMP's face.*] And I'll bet you are, too. [*Sees BUDDY.*] Hello, Buddy.

BUDDY. [*On stairs.*] Hello, there.

DOT. Oh, Buddy, I want you to meet a couple of friends from Chattanooga.

[*HENNESSY goes into game room, closing doors after him.*]

[*BUDDY crosses to them and shakes hands with CHUMPS.*]

[*Crowd in bar see BUDDY and begin calling for her. TWO MEN step down from bar and take her up in the crowd.*]

[*DOT and SECOND CHUMP go into bar.*]

[*Crowd begins calling for BUDDY to give them a song. BUDDY goes over to piano, which has been moved down nearer the doors during the excitement of her entrance to bar. She asks a man standing below her to give her a lift. He makes a step of his hands and she sits up on top of piano.*]

[*HERMAN works dimmer back of bar and the lights in the lounge dim slowly out.*]

BUDDY. Now, give me as little attention as possible. [*Laughter from the crowd.*] Maybe I'd go better in a spot.

MAN. Spot her, Herman. [*He joins RITA and FIRST CHUMP left of doors centre.*]

HERMAN. [*Back of bar.*] I'll spot you five, kid. [*Laughter from crowd. HERMAN makes move toward switch back of bar—then spot centre shines on BUDDY.*]

[DUKE comes from check room where he has phoned and exits to game room.]

BUDDY. [*Seated on top of piano.*] Now, folks, what'll it be? [*Calls of "The Man I Love," "You Took Advantage of Me," and "Everybody's Buddy" from the crowd.*] "Everybody's Buddy" number has it. Now pipe down. [*To PIANO PLAYER.*] Ready, Oscar? [*He nods.*] Right. [*Orchestra starts playing.*] You've heard this song about a million times.

EVERYBODY'S BUDDY

Words and Music by Richard Myers and Leo Robin.

Published by T. B. Harms & Co.

From out on Main Street
Came Buddy May
To that insane Street
They call Broadway.
Now in a night club she does her stuff
Pulls her bluff—well enough
But to that Plain Street so far away
She hopes to go some day and stay.

Chorus:

She's everybody's buddy
A pal to play and pet with
A gal that men forget with awhile

Everybody's buddy
Tho' she may be despairing
You'll see that she is wearing a smile.
While her voice rings out above the noise of the band,
While the boys are shouting "Give the girlie a hand,"
Everybody's buddy
A toast for just an hour
Then like a faded flower
She's gone.

[*Sings a verse and chorus of "Everybody's Buddy."*
There is applause at finish of song.]

[BUDDY asks them to join in the chorus.]

[RITA, FIRST CHUMP and MAN go into bar.]

BUDDY. Now you try it. Come on, Chattanooga, see if you can't sing it. Now, are you ready? Come on.

[*Orchestra starts it again.*]

[FIRST CHUMP tries to sing it—timidly at first, then gets stronger as he goes along. The others join in until quite a volume is heard. This chorus is started and sung during scene with BEN and WARDELL.]

[BEN enters from office.]

[JOE enters from game room. WARDELL follows JOE on from game room—a stack of chips in his hand.]

WARDELL. [*To JOE.*] Oh boy—[JOE stops and turns to WARDELL.]—and a cigar.

JOE. Yes, sir. Right away, Mr. Wardell. [*Exits into bar—door left.*]

BEN. [*Going up right to WARDELL.*] Ah, Mr. Wardell. How's it going?

WARDELL. It looks like my night but that damned racket in the bar there don't help any.

BEN. They bothering you?

[HENNESSY enters from game room.]

WARDELL. They certainly are. It's a wonder the place isn't raided. Are you running a honky-tonk or a gambling house?

[MAN on seat right of doors centre rises and goes into bar.]

BEN. Leave it to me, Mr. Wardell, I'll quiet them down.

HENNESSY. [*Down right of BEN.*] Even the regulars are complaining about that rough-house crowd.

[JOE enters bar door left with cigar and drink on tray for WARDELL. WARDELL exits to game room.]

[BEN goes up to bar doors.]

BEN. Joe! Joe, close the doors—close 'em up. We got to have more quiet for the players. [JOE closes left side of bar doors.] Herman! Turn up the lights out here.

[HERMAN reaches toward dimmer and the lights in the lounge come up full. Pink spot centre dims out. JOE closes other half of doors and the noise in the bar subsides. Piano only is heard and song faintly. There is applause at the finish of BUDDY's song then a piano solo is heard playing one chorus.]

[Stage manager's note:—After bar doors are closed the small piano is moved up stage out of sight. The musicians play balance of numbers off stage, back of set, using another piano. This is done to make the music sound softer.]

[JOE *exits to game room with tray.*]

[HENNESSY *starts down right toward office.*]

BEN. Where you going?

HENNESSY. [*Going to right of chair right centre.*] I was looking for Mr. Miller. Have you seen him?

BEN. [*Goes to him.*] What do you want of him?

[CHRIS *enters from upstairs left.*]

HENNESSY. [*Showing card.*] Pay off slip.

BEN. Give it to me.

HENNESSY. To you?

BEN. Yes. I'll handle all the cash now. [*Takes slip and glances at it.*]

HENNESSY. Oh, I didn't know.

BEN. [*Looking at card.*] Two-fifty. That's an easy one.

HENNESSY. Here's another.

BEN. My God. How many you got?

HENNESSY. Only these two, but this coin'll come back.

BEN. [*Looks at slip, counts out the money and hands it to HENNESSY who goes up right.*] Yeah—come back—but to who?

CHRIS. [*Coming to front of settee.*] What's the idea, Fischer?

BEN. The idea is I'm going to handle all my own money from now on.

CHRIS. Oh, you are?

BEN. Yes, I am.

CHRIS. Are you inferring that I'm not protecting your interests here?

BEN. Inferring hell—I'm yelling. I'm the only gambler in this joint. I've just been over the books you kept while I was in the hospital. We got all the percentage on the house side—why should we show losses?

CHRIS. Because we've been having a losing streak. But that's no reason for you to start crabbing.

BEN. Who's crabbing? You never heard me crab. If I lost a million—and lost it on the level—you wouldn't hear me crab—but I won't stand for no phooie business from you or this mob you got working here.

CHRIS. [*Crossing to him.*] Listen—I won't take that line of talk from you.

BEN. Listen, Miller—you're a big, strong, tough guy, but you can't scare me even a little bit. I don't pretend to like you and I don't like the way you're running things here—see?

CHRIS. No?

BEN. No.

CHRIS. What did you find in those books that wasn't right?

BEN. There's a couple of big pay-off slips that I ain't so sure wasn't raised on me.

CHRIS. Nothing was raised on you. Now, listen—tomorrow I'll explain to you where all them pay-offs went. I'll straighten out the books for you.

BEN. You'll straighten 'em? Andy Mellon couldn't straighten 'em out. [*Exits into office.*]

[*Hall door busser is heard. Music in bar heard—"Get Out and Get Under the Moon"—one chorus.*]

CHRIS. In yer hat.

HENNESSY. [*Going to CHRIS.*] I thought this would happen.

CHRIS. Listen—nothing's happened. What does this squawking amount to?

[*TISH opens hall door and PEGGY enters, dashes for stairs left. TISH bolts the door and exits to check room.*]

CHRIS. Hey, what's the idea?

PEGGY. What idea?

CHRIS. That rig at this time of night?

PEGGY. I'm just going up to change now.

CHRIS. Well, hurry up about it. You're late.

PEGGY. Honest, Mr. Miller, the traffic is congested some-thin' terrible out.

CHRIS. [*Crossing left to her.*] Get here on time and bring a live one with you to exercise the wheels if you want to hold your job. [*HENNESSY drops down right centre.*] You're a hell of a hostess, you are. Always breaking in late.

PEGGY. The next thing we know us girls will have to punch a time clock here— [*Hall door busser heard.*] like they do at Macy's. [*She exits up the stairs.*]

[TISH comes from check room, goes to hall door, opens shutter and looks out.]

TISH. You a member here?

MAN. [*Outside.*] Sure thing.

TISH. What's the name?

[HENNESSY exits to game room, closing the doors.]

MAN. [*Outside.*] Arlington—James Arlington.

TISH. Where's your membership card?

MAN. Why I—I lost it.

[*Music heard in bar—"Tain't So Honey"—one chorus.*]

CHRIS. [*Crossing to right of TISH.*] Who is it—anybody I know? [*Peeks out shutter—to TISH.*] He looks like a Federal shake-down artist. Turn him away. [*Goes down left centre.*]

TISH. This is a strictly private club, mister. Hey, Elevator.

ELEVATOR BOY. [*Outside.*] Yeah.

[CHRIS crosses to game room doors.]

TISH. Take him down. You ought to know better.

[TISH goes back to check room.]

[BUDDY enters, laughing, from bar doors centre followed by DOT and FIRST CHUMP, then RITA and SECOND CHUMP. People in bar are seen as the doors open. BUDDY goes to left of settee. DOT and FIRST CHUMP to right of BUDDY. RITA and SECOND CHUMP to back of table right of settee.]

FIRST CHUMP. This is the greatest place I've ever been in. Just like a private party.

[SAXOPHONE PLAYER *enters doors centre.*]

[DR. ANDREWS *follows him on. Gets hat and stick from check room and exits hall door.*]

[TISH *bolts the door after him and then goes into check room.*]

SAX PLAYER. Hey, wait a minute, shorty. [*Steps on settee and reaches up for his brown derby which FIRST CHUMP is wearing.*]

FIRST CHUMP. Oh, excuse me, sir.

[SAX PLAYER *takes the derby and exits doors centre.*]

[JOE *seen closing door after him.*]

BUDDY. I'm glad you like it here.

FIRST CHUMP. I don't see how you do it. No cover charge or anything.

[DOT *swings FIRST CHUMP to her.*]

SECOND CHUMP. It's like the Mardi Gras at N'Orleans.

DOT. I'll tell you. They figure Buddy's voice has a soothing effect on the gambler's nerves.

BUDDY. It's anything but soothing tonight.

FIRST CHUMP. Say, I'm just itching to give the wheel a wallop.

CHRIS. [*Opens door to gambling room.*] You'll find the trouble right in here, gentlemen. [*Drops down right.*]

DOT. [*Takes FIRST CHUMP'S arm and goes right.*] All right, let's see him get scratched.

BUDDY. Good luck to "you-all."

DOT. [*To SECOND CHUMP.*] Come on, handsome, you want to give it a whirl, too. [*FIRST CHUMP and DOT exit to game room.*]

SECOND CHUMP. [*To RITA, going right.*] I don't know how to play. You promised to teach me.

[*RITA takes SECOND CHUMP up right.*]

RITA. Sure. It's easy.

[*SECOND CHUMP goes into gambling room with RITA. HENNESSY closes the doors. CHRIS crosses to right of settee.*]

BUDDY. Gee, Chris, my voice is terrible tonight. [*Sits right end of settee.*]

CHRIS. What's the trouble, babe?

BUDDY. My pipes are rusty. I'm all choked up.

[*JOE enters with tray of highballs from bar-room door right. Goes to game room, leaving door open.*]

CHRIS. It's that smoke in there.

BUDDY. I need a cough drop.

CHRIS. [*Giving her his cigarette.*] Here you are, baby.

BUDDY. Thanks. That's service for you. [*She inhales a puff. CHRIS crosses back of settee, to left of her.*]

[*One of the HOSTESSES comes on from bar—door right—waits on platform for elderly gentleman to come from bar. He joins her.*]

HOSTESS. You'll be luckier this time. [*They move toward*

game room doors, he taking a roll of bills from his pocket.]

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN. I'm going to give you this hundred to play. [*Peels off a bill and gives it to her.*]

HOSTESS. Oh, Daddy, you're so good to your baby. [*She puts her arms around him and takes him into the game room. The doors close after them.*]

BUDDY. There—my voice is better already.

CHRIS. [*Sits beside her from back of settee.*] Well, Buddy, it looks as if we're in luck.

BUDDY. How do you mean?

CHRIS. You know Cliff Janney—the producer?

BUDDY. Sure—he's been here lots of times.

CHRIS. Well, he's got a new musical show out in Chicago called "Heaven on Earth."

BUDDY. Yeah—I heard something about it.

CHRIS. Well, you're going to hear lots more. I got a chance to buy half interest in it.

BUDDY. [*Thinking.*] Have you seen it?

CHRIS. No. But I have good reports about it. Variety says it'll be a Broadway cinch. So I wired Cliff I'd come to Chicago—look it over—and put up my kale—if— [*Looks at BUDDY—pause.*]

BUDDY. If what?

CHRIS. [*Taking her hand.*] If—when they bring the show to Broadway—Buddy Miles is playing one of the parts.

[*Laughter heard in bar.*]

BUDDY. [*Impulsively hugging him.*] You didn't!

CHRIS. That's what I did.

BUDDY. But Janney'd never give it to me.

CHRIS. Don't you believe it—why he raved to me about you when he heard you sing here—said you was just wasting your time in this merry-go-round.

BUDDY. Oh! It would be wonderful if I could. [*Thinking.*]

[*Music heard in bar—"Lucky Day"—one chorus.*]

CHRIS. I know you can. And I've seen 'em all. Now—if Cliff agrees we'll keep it a secret, see. Won't say a word about it to anyone. You and I will sneak out to Chicago and see if we like the show.

BUDDY. Gee, I don't dare think of it. [*Puts cigarette out in ash tray on table right centre.*]

CHRIS. You mustn't think of anything else. Why, Buddy, think of what it would mean to you to be a hit in a Broadway show. If you was you could grab yourself a husband with bunches of dough—someone way up in the four hundred if you wanted to break into society—that's the big thing the stage will do for a kid like you.

BUDDY. But I wouldn't want anything like that. You see, Chris—there is somebody already.

[*JOE opens door from game room and enters with empty tray, closes door, goes into bar door right counting money (bills).*]

CHRIS. What are you talking about?

BUDDY. About the boy who wrote "Everybody's Buddy" for me. He used to play my numbers at the Half Moon. I made an agreement over a year ago to work with him—soon as he finishes his bookings.

CHRIS. [*Rises, goes to left of settee. Jealously.*] Where is this guy? I don't remember seeing him around.

BUDDY. He's playing in vaudeville out on the Coast. I haven't seen him myself for nearly a year. [*Music in bar stops.*]

CHRIS. [*Going to her—front of settee.*] Well, don't be silly. [*Sits beside her.*] Are you going to ruin all your chances for a small time piano player?

BUDDY. But he's an awful nice boy, Chris.

CHRIS. Now, Buddy, don't you know that falling for a lightweight would spoil your whole life? Look what happened to Julia Barnes and that cop she married.

BUDDY. Yes, I know.

CHRIS. [*Putting his arm around her.*] Now, listen, you put yourself in my hands, see— [*JOE enters from bar door right with tray of whiskeys, exits into game room closing door*] and we'll have this man's town talking about Buddy Miles for breakfast, dinner and supper.

BUDDY. Oh, you're awfully good to me, Chris.

CHRIS. You're worth it. Gee, a guy don't run across anything like you every day. And it's going to break my heart if you don't make the most out of yourself.

[CHRIS tries to take her in his arms. She breaks away with a smile. She pushes him away.]

BUDDY. [*Rising.*] Chris, lay off the rough stuff. [*Crosses to left of him. Music heard in bar—"You Took Advantage of Me"—one chorus.*]

CHRIS. [*Rises quickly, stops her, his hand on her arm.*] Honest to God, kid, you're the cutest trick in town. [*Starts to embrace her.*]

BUDDY. Now behave yourself—do you hear? [*Backs out of his embrace.*]

[HENNESSY opens the game room doors wide. WARDELL is seen seated at the lower end of the roulette table with several stacks of chips placed on a combination of numbers, watching the wheel spinning. The crowd is breathlessly watching the result of this play.]

[*A man is heard to shout "Good Lord, it's 32!" CROUPIER'S voice is heard calling out, "Thirty-two—black and even."*]

BUDDY. [*Crosses right back of settee.*] What's going on? [*Goes into game room.*]

FIRST CHUMP. [*Leaning over table in game room.*] My God, what a wallop!

[RITA turns to below table. Two men and two ladies join others at roulette table. An elderly lady rushes to back of WARDELL'S chair.]

ELDERLY LADY. Who won it?

WARDELL. I did.

ELDERLY LADY. How much?

WARDELL. More than I can count.

[DOT enters from game room with FIRST CHUMP and BUDDY.]

DOT. Don't let the sight of all that money go to your head.

[DUKE comes from game room, closing doors after him.]

FIRST CHUMP. [Going to bar, door right, with DOT and BUDDY.] They play high here, don't they? I never saw such a big winning in my life.

[DOT and BUDDY and CHUMP exit into bar, door right.]

CHRIS. Who hit—Wardell?

DUKE. [Right of settee.] Yes, he must have won over ten thousand on that last roll.

CHRIS. Anybody with him?

DUKE. No—he's alone—and I think he's ripe for picking. [Going up right of settee.] Is there anything you want me to—

[HENNESSY enters from game room, closes doors after him.]

[DUKE stops when doors are opened.]

HENNESSY. [At game room doors.] Did you see what Frank Wardell just did to us?

[HERMAN comes from bar, door left, drops down left centre.]

CHRIS. Yes, Duke just told me. [Sits on settee.]

HERMAN. [*Going to CHRIS.*] Say, I hear "What's-his-name" busted the bank. Is that right?

HENNESSY. [*Going down right centre.*] He put a little dent in it.

HERMAN. The lucky stiff.

HENNESSY. He's over twenty thousand to the good right now.

CHRIS. Twenty thousand, eh?

HERMAN. Plenty of guys have been socked over the coco for a whole lot less.

HENNESSY. I'll say.

CHRIS. Cut that gab.

HERMAN. I know, Chris, but—they have.

HENNESSY. He'll be cashing in soon. Ain't we going to do anything about it?

CHRIS. For God's sake, let me dope this out, will you?

HENNESSY. Certainly, you're the boss. But let's not lose him, that's all.

CHRIS. I won't lose him; when Julia shows up I'll have her take him around to that Chink restaurant where we can perform a painless operation on his bank roll.

HERMAN. You think she can make him O. K.?

CHRIS. Sure.

DUKE. Julia can make anybody.

HERMAN. Yeah? She couldn't make me.

CHRIS. Scram. Tend bar, will you?

HERMAN. Sure, boss. But if you want this Wardell fella taken for a ride I'm just the baby that will be glad to oblige ya.

CHRIS. All right. But we won't need your services for this. So beat it.

HERMAN. Anything you say, boss. [*Exits bar door left closing it after him.*]

CHRIS. [*To DUKE.*] Duke, where's Gymp tonight?

DUKE [*Back of settee.*] He's waiting over at Tommy's place.

CHRIS. Well, you dust along over there—tell him we got a little assignment for him—you stick near the phone—when Wardell cashes in I'll give you the office.

DUKE. Righto. [*Crosses back of settee and into check room for hat and stick.*]

CHRIS. I might be on hand myself—if I can get away. I don't know yet.

HENNESSY. He'll be quitting soon. What do you want me to do?

CHRIS. You— [*He rises.*] You try to delay cashing Wardell's pay-off slip until Julia gets here.

[*Hall door buzzer is heard.*]

[*Music in bar—"St. Louis Blues"—one and one-half choruses—or about forty-eight bars.*]

HENNESSY. I got you.

CHRIS. [*Crossing to left centre.*] Soon as she shows up I'll shoot her in to him.

[TISH comes from check room, goes to hall door, looks out shutter.]

HENNESSY. Yes, sir. [*Goes toward game room.*]

[TISH unbolts hall door, opens it, admitting JULIA, closely followed by MR. JOHNSON. HENNESSY smiles at sight of JULIA. CHRIS nods his head to HENNESSY. [DUKE exits to hall. TISH bolts door.]

JULIA. [*Coming up to left centre.*] Hello, Tish. Hello, Hennessy. [*To MR. JOHNSON.*] You check your chapeau there.

[TISH takes his hat and goes into check room.]

MR. JOHNSON. Oh, yes.

[JULIA is another ex-chorus girl who acts as hostess at the "Little Casino." She is beautifully built. While she is still young, dissipation and unhappiness have taken their toll on her once devastating beauty.]

JULIA. [*Taking a step toward HENNESSY.*] Mr. Hennessy, this is Mr. Johnson. [JOHNSON crosses her, goes to HENNESSY.] I met him at a little party down at the Ritz. I thought he might like to come along with me and dally with Lady Luck.

[CHRIS motions to JULIA that he wants to speak to her; she goes to him; he whispers to her; she returns to back of settee.]

HENNESSY. Glad to know you, Mr. Johnson.

JOHNSON. How do you do?

[HENNESSY goes to game room doors, opens them.]

JULIA. You go with Mr. Hennessy. [JOHNSON *starts right.*] He'll make you feel right at home.

JOHNSON. [*Turning back.*] I'll see you again, won't I?

JULIA. Oh, sure—I'll see you around.

JOHNSON. All right.

[HENNESSY and JOHNSON *exit to gambling room ad lib. Close doors after them.*]

[JULIA *goes right of settee, takes out cigarette from case she is carrying.*]

CHRIS. [*Crossing to left of settee—brightly.*] Well—just talking about you.

JULIA. [*Glum—puts cigarette in mouth.*] Yea?

CHRIS. Yes. Hennessy was wondering what was keeping you.

JULIA. What the hell is it his business? [*Gets match from stand on table right of settee and lights cigarette.*]

CHRIS. [*Low.*] There's someone in there we didn't want to lose before you got here.

JULIA. [*Crossing to him—front of settee.*] Who is it? [*Takes off her wrap, throws it on left of settee.*]

CHRIS. [*Smiling.*] Frank Wardell. He's over 20,000 to the good right now. You're just in time to go out with him.

JULIA. [*Crossing to settee, sits right side of it.*] Well, I ain't going. I'm through watching poor yaps rolled.

CHRIS [*A step to her.*] What's come over you all of a sudden? You sore at me for something?

JULIA. Yes, I am—damn sore.

CHRIS. What have I done?

JULIA. Don't try to lie out of it. Tonight at dinner Buddy said something that gave me the tip off that you're paying a lot of attention to her lately.

CHRIS. [*Sits beside her on left.*] Why, I was just being nice to Buddy because she's a friend of yours.

JULIA. You ought to join the Boy Scouts with your "good deed a day" gag.

CHRIS. Now, listen—

JULIA. I'll listen when you cut out trying to make Buddy. [*Turns away from him, then back.*] You got a nerve trying to play my pal.

CHRIS. I'm not trying to play her, I tell you.

JULIA. Says you.

CHRIS. [*Anxiously.*] What did you do—squawk to her about it?

JULIA. Hell, no. [*Puts out cigarette on table right of settee.*]

CHRIS. You ain't told her nothing about you and me?

JULIA. No—nobody knows. You wanted it kept quiet and I have. But it burns me up. You trying to make Buddy—after my running all the risks for you—from acting a shill on down. [*Rises, goes a step right.*]

CHRIS. I've never asked you to take any risks.

JULIA. Well, if you don't think they was risky, get someone else for your hold-ups then.

CHRIS. Go easy—go easy. [*Rises, goes to her left, puts his arms around her.*] Now, listen, Julia, don't be peeved. You know I love you.

JULIA. [*Turns from him a step right.*] Boloney. [*Then turns to him.*] If you loved me you wouldn't be sending me out with fellas to be your spot girl.

CHRIS. Sure—you're smart.

JULIA. Yeah? Well, break in someone else—you're a past master at smarting 'em up.

CHRIS. But you're the only girl that knows how to keep your trap shut about things. [*Goes to her.*] You're the only frail in the outfit I'd trust.

JULIA. [*Crosses him to left of settee, picks up her wrap and goes left.*] No matter how thin you slice it—it's still Boloney.

CHRIS. Don't get fresh. Where you going?

[HENNESSY enters from game room; while the doors are open WARDELL is seen standing at roulette table; HENNESSY closes the doors and crosses to front of settee.]

JULIA. My day's work is done. I brought you in a sucker. And I'm going to bed before daylight for a change. [*Starts for stairs left.*]

CHRIS. [*Crossing to her.*] Aw, wait a minute, Julia.

HENNESSY. Wardell's quit. [*Shows CHRIS slip.*] Here's his pay-off slip for twenty-two grand.

CHRIS. Well, take it into Fischer and get it cashed.

HENNESSY. You better get to Wardell right away, Julia. [*Exits to office.*]

CHRIS. [*Putting his arm around her.*] Now listen, Julia—I'll promise I'll never look at Buddy again. I'll do anything you say if you'll just steer this guy into the chop suey joint around the corner. I'll make it right with you—honest. [*She turns away; he puts his arm around her.*] He'll be as easy to make as mud-pies—everything all set for a fast one. The Duke is waiting right now for the jingle.

JULIA. Oh, all right.

CHRIS. That's a good pal. [*Kisses her.*]

JULIA. Oh gee, Chris, you can make me do anything.

CHRIS. Now go ahead in to him.

[*Game room doors open and a couple come out, followed by another couple. They leave the door open and cross to bar-room door right ad libbing as they go and exit into bar.*]

JULIA. I need a drink first. [*Goes up left centre and exits into bar—door left.*]

[*FRANK WARDELL enters from game room tearing slip of paper which he later drops on table right centre.*]

WARDELL. [*Crossing down right centre to front of settee.*] Say, Chris, did Hennessy go to the bank for my winnings?

CHRIS. So you beat us, eh?

WARDELL. Twenty-two thousand.

CHRIS. [*Crossing front of settee to him.*] Good boy, Frank. I'm glad you hit it.

[PEGGY comes downstairs, dressed in evening clothes, crosses back of settee.]

WARDELL. Yeah, I hit it—but I haven't got it.

CHRIS. Hennessy's in the office now. He'll be in with it in a minute. It takes a long time for Ben Fischer to count out twenty-two grand. [*Turns and goes up left centre.*]

WARDELL. He's giving it the long count, eh? [*Goes right a step. Laughs, drops paper on table right centre.*]

CHRIS. Yes. [*Goes to bar door left and exits.*]

PEGGY. [*Going above settee to WARDELL.*] Hello, Mr. Wardell—how's things?

WARDELL. [*Going up right centre to her.*] Things couldn't be better.

[HENNESSY comes from office with \$22,000 followed by BEN FISCHER.]

BEN. [*Down right.*] Well, you was in luck tonight, Mr. Wardell.

WARDELL. Yes, and I'm in luck to know when to quit.

BEN. You was due for a nice clean-up and you got it.

[TISH comes from check room with magazine, stands at door reading it.]

HENNESSY. [*Counting out the money into WARDELL'S hand.*] Here you, Mr. Wardell. Sorry to keep you waiting. I'll count it for you—

BEN. Tain't necessary you should count it. When I count

money twice, it's counted. [*Crosses front of settee to left of it and up to TISH at door. Gives him some instructions, then goes to wall phone left and carries on a low conversation during following scene.*]

[*JULIA enters from bar door left.*]

[*HENNESSY hands money to WARDELL.*]

WARDELL. [*Tips HENNESSY.*] Here, Hennessy.

HENNESSY. Thank you, Mr. Wardell. [*Exits to game room.*]

[*PEGGY moves closer to WARDELL, who counts the money.*]

[*JULIA joins PEGGY who is still watching the counting of WARDELL'S money. We note from JULIA'S manner that CHRIS has apparently appeased her and that she is going through with his scheme.*]

[*CHRIS enters from bar door left, and stands over left watching.*]

JULIA. [*Crossing to MR. WARDELL back of settee, goes between WARDELL and PEGGY.*] Oh, Mr. Wardell.

WARDELL. [*Holds out free hand, shakes with JULIA and smiles.*] Hello there, Miss Barnes. How are you?

JULIA. Did you win all those steel engravings? Isn't that wonderful. I'm so glad.

[*WARDELL playfully slaps the bunch of bills at her.*]

[*TISH stands outside check room.*]

PEGGY. Ain't you afraid that stuff will do things to your blood pressure?

JULIA. What's a few thousand to a regular?

PEGGY. What would you do if you had a little part of that?

JULIA. I'd buy myself chop suey enough to reach from here to Hoboken. Then I'd eat my way home. [*They all smile.*]

WARDELL. Chop suey?

PEGGY. You're nutty about it, ain't you?

JULIA. You said it—it's my favorite fruit. [JULIA meets CHRIS's eyes.] I'm just dying for some right now.

[BEN goes to left centre.]

WARDELL. All right, you're on. But I ought to buy a round of drinks for the house first. [*Music heard in bar—"Just Once Again"—one chorus.*] Come on, folks, have something with me—we can think about food later. [*Crosses front of settee with JULIA to BEN. JULIA goes up left centre. CHRIS speaks to JULIA, then goes into check room to phone, taking off receiver as he closes the door.*]

BEN. You don't need to buy no drinks for the house.

[*Wall phone connecting with elevator boy downstairs rings.*]

[TISH takes his time in going to answer it.]

WARDELL. I want to start putting this money back in honest circulation again. [*Goes up left center.*] This is my night and I'm going to celebrate it my own way. Come on. [*Exits into bar door left with JULIA, followed by BEN.*]

PEGGY. I wonder what the hell these other dames have

got that I haven't got. [*Following them to bar door left she exits.*]

[*Noise in bar is heard. Crowd is greeting WARDELL.*]

TISH. [*At wall phone.*] Who? Oh, Conway? Yeah—Fischer's expectin' him. Shoot him up. [*Hangs up phone, crosses back of settee to right centre.*]

[*CHIS sticks his head out of check room door. JULIA comes from bar, door left, goes to phone booth, speaks quietly to CHRIS on his left.*]

CHRIS. Land him?

JULIA. Royal Chop Suey joint.

CHRIS. Right. [*He returns to phone booth. She quickly returns to bar, door left, exits closing door.*]

[*JOE enters from game room with tray of empty glasses, order pad and pencil in hand. Closes game room doors.*]

TISH. Hey, Joe. Tell Mr. Fischer Rags Conway's coming up in the elevator. [*Crosses slowly to hall door; throws magazine on scat left of doors centre.*]

JOE. O. K. [*Goes in bar door right.*]

[*CHRIS comes from phone booth and exits to bar door left closing it after him.*]

[*Hall buzzer is heard.*]

[*TISH pushes back shutter and peeks out.*]

RAGS. [*Outside.*] Hello.

TISH. What's the name?

RAGS. Conway. I got a date with Mr. Fischer.

TISH. [*Unbolts door—throws it open.*] Oh, yeah.
[*Pause.*] Well, come on.

RAGS. Will I bring in the props?

TISH. Why not?

[*RAGS enters from hall carrying suitcase with umbrella stuck through straps and grip. Also music case and light overcoat. A "Variety" stuck in his suit coat pocket; a cane hangs from his breast pocket. TISH bolts the door.*]

RAGS. [*Coming down left centre.*] What, no more guarded doors to pass? Am I all the way in now?

TISH. Yea—all the way. [*Goes down to his left.*]

RAGS. Ain't you goin' to take my finger print or nothing?

TISH. Not right now—no.

[*RAGS puts down his bags.*]

RAGS. Before I got by the look-outs I had to show 'em everything but my birthmark. [*Steps away right a bit leaving bags.*]

TISH. Say—is this all you brought?

RAGS. I left the Zeppelin outside. [*Looks around the place—goes down to front of settee.*] So this is the "Little Casino?"

TISH. Yeah.

RAGS. Say, this is some swell hash-hut, ain't it? [*Front of settee.*]

TISH. Huh?

RAGS. I say, this looks like a hot spot.

TISH. Yeah. Hot enough. [*Takes RAGS' things into check room.*]

RAGS. [*Going up left centre.*] Will you tell Ben Fischer I'm here?

TISH. [*In check room.*] He knows it.

[*BEN enters from bar, door right.*]

BEN. Hello, Rags. [*Coming down right centre front of settee to him.*]

RAGS. [*Going to left of settee.*] Well, Ben, how are you? [*Shakes his hand.*]

BEN. Lousy. But I'm glad to see you.

[*RAGS slaps him on his bad left arm. BEN winces.*]

RAGS. What's the matter with your arm, Ben?

BEN. That damn rheumatism come back—had me laid up in the hospital for the past month.

RAGS. Gee, that's tough.

BEN. Oh, it's getting all right. [*Moving his bad arm up and down.*] It don't bother much now. Tish. [*TISH enters from check room.*] Shake hands with Rags Conway.

[*TISH comes down to between them and allows his hand to be shaken briefly.*]

RAGS. [*Cordially.*] Pleased to meet you.

BEN. I want you two boys should get well acquainted—you're both what I call good friends. Both on the level.

[*RAGS smiles at TISH. TISH looks intently at RAGS.*]

Rags used to do a piano speciality for me at the Half Moon Club. [*TISH takes RAGS' hat, coat and stick—and*

"Variety." RAGS *goes left a step.*] While you was spending your vacation in the Big House up the river. [*Chucks TISH under the chin. Goes up, presses button on panel right of bar, doors centre.*]

[*TISH starts to check room with RAGS' things.*]

RAGS. Hey—Hey!

[*RAGS quickly turns to TISH, then takes hold of overcoat to stop TISH and takes a package out of the pocket. TISH goes into the check room. BEN speaks so that TISH can hear.*]

BEN [*Coming down.*] I trust you two birds to the last. See? [*Music in bar—"Back in Your Own Backyard"—one chorus.*] So I want you to get along together.

RAGS. After playing on the bill with trained monkeys and acrobats the past forty weeks I can get along with anybody. [*BEN laughs. RAGS looks around, crossing front of settee to right centre.*] What is this layout you got here, Ben?

BEN. I got a fine place, Rags. [*TISH comes from check room—gets magazine from seat left of doors centre—takes it into check room.*]

RAGS. Sure, I can see that.

BEN. [*Crossing front of settee to centre of it, writes on small pad checking cash-in slips.*] We got a nice little bar in there with a couple of musicians—and in there is the roulette and dice games.

RAGS. [*Going up right.*] Gee, you got a regular three-ring circus here; how's biz?

[*TISH comes from check room and goes down left centre.*]

BEN. There's plenty of good spenders coming here. I'm doing a big business—and I'm losing my undershirt.

RAGS. [*Comes down to BEN.*] What's the idea?

BEN. The idea is—I'm being gypped.

RAGS. Gyped? Well, can't you stop it?

BEN. I'm going to stop it. You're going to help me.

RAGS. *I am?*

BEN. That's the reason why I sent for you.

RAGS. I thought you wanted me to play the piano for you again. [*Music stops in bar.*]

BEN. No. I want you should help me get the goods on these racketeers that's trimmin' me.

RAGS. [*Not understanding.*] What?

BEN. And I want you to tend bar.

RAGS. Tend bar?

BEN. Yeah. You know—like you did for me down at my Silver Dawn place?

RAGS. Gee, I ain't been back of a bar since—

BEN. I only want you should tend bar like that for me again. Why, you was the best fancy drink mixer I ever seen. It's a shame you turned out to be a musician. Well, Rags, will you do this for me?

RAGS. Why sure, Ben, if you need me.

BEN. Good boy. You're going to save me a whole lot of money, ain't he, Tish?

TISH. [*Taking a keen look at RAGS.*] Yeah.

BEN. You know, Rags— [*Goes to him and puts arm about him.*] We been good pals long time now. I look on you like a son—you're one of the squarest guys I ever met.

RAGS. I feel the same about you, Ben. Say, we're kinda passing the bouquets at each other tonight, ain't we?

BEN. No more than we deserve.

RAGS. Ben, you won't want me tonight, will you?

BEN. No—why?

RAGS. Well, you see—I came right up here from the train—and there's a heartache I want to look up.

BEN. [*Smiling.*] Oh, yeah?

RAGS. Yes—you know her.

[*Introduction to song heard.*]

BEN. I do?

RAGS. Sure—she used to work for you—you remember, Buddy Miles.

[BUDDY'S VOICE is heard singing "Everybody's Buddy"—one chorus—one verse—one chorus—applause at finish.].

BEN. Oh sure, I think I remember her.

RAGS. I want to get busy on the phone if— [RAGS hears voice, stops talking, very much surprised.] Holy Mack-erel! [*Goes up right centre and returns.*] Say, what is this, anyway? [BEN watches him smilingly and looks

at TISH and winks. The song "*Everybody's Buddy*" goes on.] So that's the reason you sent me the wire to come back to work for you, huh?

BEN. What's the reason?

RAGS. Because Buddy's here.

BEN. So you'd like to be with her again, would you? And that's your song too.

RAGS. Say, you're an ace—you old son-of-a-gun. [*Slaps BEN on the back.*] Gee, I got to see her. [*Starts up right centre to platform front of elevator.*]

BEN. Wait a second, she's busy now.

RAGS. All right. I'll vamp till I can see her alone. [*Goes down a step.*]

BEN. Anyways, I want to talk to you first [*JOE comes from bar door right and goes to BEN to back of settee.*]

JOE. You ring, Boss?

BEN. Yes. Bring me a nice cold glass of beer. [*To RAGS.*] Oh, Rags—Rags!

RAGS. [*Up right listening to BUDDY sing.*] Huh?

BEN. What'll you have to wash the cinders out of your neck?

[*TISH goes back of settee and down right a bit—until in BEN'S range of vision.*]

RAGS. [*Coming down right centre.*] Same as you. [*Still listening to BUDDY'S song—his feet keeping time to music.*]

BEN. [*To JOE.*] Two glasses. [*JOE nods and goes up steps to bar door right. He sees TISH, laughs.*] Oh, Joe, three glasses.

[*TISH returns to left of settee.*]

JOE. [*Going to bar.*] A'right, Boss. [*Exits to bar door right.*]

[*BUDDY finishes song. She sings another chorus.*]

BEN. [*Sits on settee left end.*] You see, Rags, when the Federal Chisellers started dry cleaning this town, they closed up the Half Moon on me—so I says to myself no more night clubs or cabarets for me—what's the percentage?

RAGS. [*Going to BEN.*] Sure, that's right.

BEN. So I grabbed this building—shot a bank roll fixing it up for an exclusive gambling spot—then I got me Chris Miller, a professional gambling fella for manager— [*RAGS isn't listening.*] You see? [*Touches RAGS' arm.*]

RAGS. [*Half listening to BUDDY.*] What? Oh yes. [*Sits beside BEN on settee, faces him, as though listening, but his mind is on BUDDY.*]

BEN. I give him liberal interest in the joint cause he's wise to this game and he's got ways of meeting all the out-of-town spenders, so you see—

RAGS. Say, Ben, she's got a cold, ain't she?

BEN. What?

RAGS. She's hoarse—she ought to take care of herself.

BEN. Why the customers think she's great—she's a riot here.

RAGS. But she ain't using her voice right—it's strained. I'll have to get after her about it. Is she the only girl you've got working here?

BEN. Some of the girls that used to work for me at the Half Moon, I got hostessing.

[BUDDY finishes song—applause heard.]

RAGS. Hostessing? Oh, using dames for suckers' bait, eh?

[JOE enters from bar door right, with three glasses of beer on a small tray and comes down right of settee.]

BEN. You got it. It's one of Miller's schemes. We dress 'em up like Christmas trees—some of 'em live here. I got a fine room for you.

RAGS. Here?

[JOE puts tray on small table which is right of settee then places table in front of them, exiting to game room closing door.]

BEN. Sure. This is a big place—five stories. Plenty of room for all. [Takes glass of beer from tray.] Here's to your success, Rags.

RAGS. [Taking glass of beer.] And here's to my sweetheart.

BEN. Gzuntight! [They drink. TISH clears his throat. BEN smiles.] Grab one, Tish.

TISH. [Taking glass.] Sure.

RAGS. Say—does Buddy live here?

BEN. No. No. We're too common for her. She lives over at the Majestic. She's making plenty of money now—plenty—ain't she, Tish?

TISH. [*Drinking beer—without taking glass down from his lips.*] Yeah. [*Finishes beer, goes up left with glass, into check room.*]

RAGS. What doin'?

BEN. Oh, holding down half a dozen jobs.

[*JOE enters from game room with two empty glasses, closes doors and goes toward bar.*]

RAGS. Say, Ben, is she going to be in there all night?

BEN. Oh, Joe, tell Buddy Miles I want to see her.

JOE. Right, Boss. [*Exits to bar door right.*]

[*Voices heard saying "good night" to WARDELL. JULIA and WARDELL enter from bar, door left. They both show signs of drink. JULIA opens hall door and exits. RAGS rises and goes up right centre and stands at right side of doors centre listening.*]

WARDELL. [*To TISH.*] My hat and coat. [*TISH goes into check room. WARDELL drops down left centre.*] Good night, Ben.

[*BEN rises and goes up to WARDELL; they shake.*]

BEN. You leaving, Mr. Wardell? [*CHRIS enters bar door right. Goes into elevator and down. TISH comes from check room with WARDELL's hat and coat, going left of him.*]

WARDELL. Yes, one of your charmers is hungry. [*Indicating JULIA who is in hall.*]

BEN. Well—come again soon.

WARDELL. [*Goes to door.*] Sure.

[*TISH hands him hat and coat.*]

BEN. Be good.

WARDELL. [*As he exits left.*] I won't promise. [*He tips TISH and exits. He is heard laughing as TISH closes and bolts the door.*]

[*TISH returns to check room. RAGS hears BUDDY coming and signals BEN. BEN crosses front of settee to right centre. JOE enters from bar, door right.*]

JOE. She's coming.

[*JOE puts small table to right of settee, removes tray of empty glasses, wipes table, crosses back of settee and exits into bar door left with them. RAGS up right of bar, door centre. BEN is down right centre. BUDDY enters from bar, door right and comes down to BEN.*]

BUDDY. Joe said you wanted to see me, Ben.

BEN [*Laughing.*] Yes, I—I do.

BUDDY. What are you laughing at? [*RAGS tiptoes down in back of her, puts his hands over her eyes.*] Who is it?

BEN. I give you three guesses.

BUDDY. It's Rags. [*RAGS swings her around.*] Rags—Oh, I'm—I thought you was out on the Coast.

[*RAGS kisses her three times on the mouth.*]

BEN. [*Counts as they kiss.*] Eight—nine—ten—

[*Laughs and goes up back of them to table right centre, picking up papers WARDELL has dropped.*]

BUDDY. [*Backing a step.*] Here—where do you think you are?

RAGS. Right in front of the sweetest little twist in the world—that's where I am.

BUDDY. [*Little embarrassment.*] Well, maybe, Mr. Fischer don't like such goings-on.

BEN. [*Going down to right of them.*] There's nothing I like better than to see you two kids get along. How's he look to you, Buddy?

BUDDY. [*Studying RAGS as she holds his hand.*] You certainly look great, Rags. You put on weight.

RAGS. I've been eating regular.

BEN. And you'll continue to eat regular. He's going to work here for me, Buddy.

BUDDY. Oh, that's fine.

BEN. Seems like old times again seeing you two kids holding hands. [*Laughs heartily. HENNESSY comes from gambling room, a cash-in slip in his hand, and goes down to BEN's right.*] It won't be long now before I'll be buying you a nice wedding present, eh?

RAGS. It can't come too soon to suit me.

[*BEN laughs.*]

[*HENNESSY holds up slip to BEN, he sees it, stops laughing suddenly and takes it.*]

BEN. Make yourself at home, Rags. I'll be with you as soon as I can.

[*Music—a violin solo—is heard in bar—"Sweet Mystery of Life"—one chorus.*]

BEN *exits to office followed by* HENNESSY.]

RAGS. Don't hurry. [*There is a pause. BUDDY smiles at RAGS. JOE comes from bar, door right, exits to game room with highballs, closes door.*] Are you really glad to see me, little lady? Have you been lonesome for me?

BUDDY. You know I have, dear. [*Kisses him.*]

RAGS. It made me feel great to pass the blind-fold test. I was afraid you wouldn't know I was your lucky strike.

BUDDY. Oh, I knew it was you. [*They both laugh. BUDDY crosses below RAGS to front of settee; turns to him.*] Rags, were you here while I was singing your number?

RAGS. Yes. Your voice is terrible.

[BUDDY *sits on settee, left side.*]

BUDDY. Is it as bad as that?

RAGS. [*Going back of settee.*] But don't worry none. I'll get it back where I left it. [*Pause.*] Your letters were few and far between lately. [*She looks away.*] You never even wrote me where you lived nor what you was doing.

[HENNESSY *comes from office, goes to game room, exits, closing doors.*]

BUDDY. Oh, I'm terrible. You know how hard it is for me to write letters.

RAGS. [*Walks away to right centre.*] Sure. I ain't complainin' none. [*Turns back to her.*] Ben tells me you're holding down half a dozen jobs.

BUDDY. Only three.

RAGS. ONLY three? What are they? [*Sits right beside BUDDY on settee.*]

BUDDY. Well, I pose for artists mornings, and I model for Saks Fifth Avenue afternoons and I work here nights. Now, tell me what you've been doing.

RAGS. I've been working hard myself. [*Pause.*] And saving money. [*Takes bank book out of his pocket.*] And I got something to show for it. I sent the ol' money order to the Union Dime Bank every pay-day regular. You'll be surprised. [*Opening bank book.*] Look at that! Look— [*Shows her figures.*] Eleven hundred bucks and seventy-seven cents—not bad, huh? [*Puts book in pocket.*]

BUDDY. Why, Rags, on what you've been making that's great.

RAGS. But I wouldn't be away from you another year for ten times that much. [*Takes her hand, smiles, looking at her.*] So now, little lady, we got nothin' more to worry us. We can get hitched just like we planned and be darn near independent. [*She doesn't react. He looks at her, stops smiling.*] What's the matter? You ain't turned cold on the proposition, have you, hon?

BUDDY. Rags, lately there's been something inside of me telling me to improve myself.

[*Music stops—applause.*]

RAGS. Yeah?

BUDDY. Meet better people—

RAGS. Oh, I see. [*Hurt, he rises, crosses in front of her to left centre.*]

BUDDY. Surely, you can't blame me for that, can you?

RAGS. No—No—I can't. [*Walks away from her; suddenly back to her.*] Listen, sweetheart, you ain't changed your mind about you and me getting spliced, have you?

BUDDY. [*Rising.*] Well, you see, I was only a poor sap of a kid when we talked about that, at the Half Moon. I didn't realize then what it takes to be happily married.

RAGS. Money, you mean? Well, I just showed you. [*Reaches for his bank book.*]

BUDDY. Now don't misunderstand me. I ain't turned gold digger, nothing like that. But, honest and truly, Rags, it would be unfair to either of us if I took you up on your bid to marry me.

RAGS. [*Stepping away from her.*] My bid? What is this—an auction? Who you been hangin' out with to get those kind 'a high-falutin' ideas?

BUDDY. [*Moves away right a step.*] Well, I've been put wise to a lot of things lately.

RAGS. The sight of all this big dough being tossed around here has gone to your noodle.

BUDDY. [*Going back to front of settee.*] No,—no, it hasn't. [*Sits on settee—right end.*]

RAGS. [*Going to her.*] What is it, then? What's the idea of you springing this stuff on me when we're practically man and wife?

BUDDY. Well, you see, Rags—When I get married I

want to quit this rotten business for good, and settle down and have a home and—and a baby.

RAGS. Well, what the hell, I'm no cripple. [*Music heard in bar. "Let a Smile be your Umbrella"—two choruses. RAGS sits beside her on settee.*] What's to stop us from havin' all them things? I can always work. [*Hall door buzzer is heard.*] I ain't no ordinary piano player—you know that. And I got sense—I know how to save my money. [*Puts his hand on hers.*] And I'll always love you.

[*Buzzer heard again. TISH comes from check room sleepily. Looks out shutter, unbolts door and swings it open.*]

BUDDY. And I'll always love you, but you don't understand what I'm trying to say. [*JULIA enters, quite intoxicated and excited.*] Hello, Julia, where you been?

JULIA. Out.

[*TISH bolts door again and goes back into check room. JULIA starts upstairs.*]

BUDDY. [*Rising.*] Oh, Julia—see who's here. [*RAGS rises and goes to JULIA.*]

JULIA. [*Turning to them.*] Oh, hello, Paderewski. [*Comes forward, shakes hands.*] How are you? Glad to see you around these parts again.

RAGS. Glad to see you, Julia. Have you been lookin' out for Buddy while I been away?

JULIA. No. She's been looking out for me. Haven't you, old pal? And I guess I need looking out for sometimes.

[*To RAGS.*] Well, I'll see you around. Glad you're back, old-timer. [*Starts upstairs.*] Gee, I'm all in. I'm going to hit the downie.

BUDDY. [*Crosses front of RAGS to stairs.*] I would if I were you, Julia.

JULIA. I sure need some rest. [*Exits upstairs.*]

[*BUDDY stands looking after her.*]

RAGS. [*After pause.*] She ain't lookin' so good.

BUDDY. No, I know she isn't. [*Still looking after JULIA.*]

RAGS. She used to be a stunner. What's she been doing to herself?

BUDDY. [*Turns to him.*] She got married.

RAGS. Oh—so that's what you had on your mind!

BUDDY. Well, I've seen how it worked in Julia's case. [*Music in bar stops.*] She married an awful nice fellow. He had her quit show business. They took a little flat up in Washington Heights—she tried to make a go of it. She saved and slaved—never went no place—never even bought any new clothes—

RAGS. Well—

BUDDY. Well—when she saw that conditions was never going to improve, she quit cold. And came over to Ben for a hostess job. [*Crossing him, she sits on right side of settee.*]

RAGS. She wasn't in love with the guy or she'd never have ditched him.

BUDDY. Yes she was. She was madly in love with him—but it didn't take very long for all that poverty and drudgery to knock her love end-ways. Now look at her. She's drunk most of the time—just raising hell trying to forget.

RAGS. Who is her husband? Anybody I know?

BUDDY. Don't laugh when I tell you. Her husband's a cop.

RAGS. A cop?

BUDDY. Well, he's been promoted into some kind of a detective squad now.

RAGS. Hell—I can make more a week than a cop. [*Sits on left arm of settee.*]

BUDDY. Yes—more a week—but you don't ever make it for fifty-two weeks steady—like cops do.

RAGS. Well, I just came back after playing forty weeks, didn't I?

BUDDY. But they weren't consecutive, were they?

RAGS. I didn't say they was. But forty weeks is a good season—it's two good seasons.

BUDDY. Yes, but you may never get such a good season again. I just told you Julia's case to show you how hopeless it is for people to get married without enough money to live decently.

RAGS. I'll say you been doing some heavy thinking since I been away. [*Sits left of her.*] Julia or somebody's been givin' you a bum steer, kid. I never heard of measuring love with a bank book before. What's the

matter with you? Have you lost all your religion? Don't you believe in God no more?

BUDDY. What's He got to do with it?

RAGS. All right. Try getting along without Him—then when you need Him some day—call Him up and try to win Him back. I'll bet you ten bucks you'll get the busy signal.

BUDDY. Rags, if I tell you a secret will you—

RAGS. What is it?

BUDDY. No—I guess I better not—until you're in a better mood.

[HERMAN enters from bar door left wiping a glass with bar towel.]

HERMAN. Hey, Buddy, come in here and warble something for these gorillas, will yer?

BUDDY. [*Rising.*] All right, Herman.

HERMAN. Gimme a chance to wash some of these glasses. [*Exits bar.*]

BUDDY. [*Starts up right center.*] I must grind out a ditty. [*Turns back to him.*] Don't get me wrong, Rags.

RAGS. I ain't. I just don't understand you no more, that's all.

BUDDY. [*Coming back to him.*] What I mean is we both ought to amount to something before we think about marriage.

RAGS. [*Deep in thought—turns to her.*] Do you want me to turn bootlegger—crook—or something?

BUDDY. [*From above settee, kneels on it, bending over him.*] No. I just want you to try to improve yourself like I am. Try to get to the top—like George Olsen and those other fellows. You've got it in you—if they can do it you can—can't you?

RAGS. Sure. I guess I can. [*Pause.*] Unless you're letting me down for good and you ain't tellin' me for fear of hurting my feelings too much.

BUDDY. [*Kindly.*] I wouldn't hurt your feelings for anything in the world, Rags. [*Kisses back of his head. Goes up on landing front of elevator.*]

[*Exits into bar—door right.*]

RAGS. Well, making as good as Olsen is a hell of a hard job to hand a fella.

[*RAGS rises and goes up left looking in bar door left as BUDDY sings. Crowd in bar greet BUDDY as she enters bar door right. Music is heard in bar—BUDDY singing "You Took Advantage of Me"—one chorus. TISH is in check room. RAGS is standing at bar door left looking in. JULIA appears on stairs left in beautiful dressing gown. She sees RAGS is alone.*]

JULIA. [*Standing on landing at foot of stairs, trying to attract RAGS' attention without TISH hearing.*] Ssst—ssst! [*RAGS turns his head.*] Hey, Paderewski—[*Motions him to come to her.*]

RAGS. Hello, kid.

JULIA. Sh—sh.

RAGS. [*Lowering his voice.*] What's the matter? [*Goes to her.*]

JULIA. I'm worried as hell. I been on a drunk for a week.

RAGS. You ought to lay off the giggle syrup.

JULIA. I'm goin' to—I'm goin' on the wagon tomorrow—honest to God I am.

RAGS. That's a good girl.

[RAGS moves away to up left centre. BUDDY finishes her song. Applause and conversation in bar is heard.]

JULIA. Listen, what you doing for the next couple of minutes?

RAGS. Nothin' much—why?

JULIA. Will you do an old sweetheart a favor?

RAGS. [*Going to her.*] I guess so—sure—what is it?

JULIA. Well, I've lost my cigarette case, see.

RAGS. Cigarette case? Where did you lose it?

[DOT and FIRST CHUMP come from bar door right, and ad lib, attracting JULIA'S attention.]

JULIA. Come here.

[JULIA sees them and takes RAGS back into recess below the stairs. DOT goes to game room doors, gambling room doors open and PEGGY comes out—DOT goes below door.]

PEGGY. Say, Clarence—

FIRST CHUMP. [*On landing front of elevator.*] Yes?

PEGGY. Your friend is sending out SOS's for you.

[*Crosses him to bar door right.*]

FIRST CHUMP. I wager I know what he wants.

PEGGY. [*Turning at door.*] Do you? So do I. [*Goes in to bar—door right.*]

DOT. [*At game room doors.*] Maybe your luck has changed by now, Handsome.

FIRST CHUMP. [*Coming down to DOT.*] You-all just watch me make a fool of that wheel now.

DOT. [*Puts her arm through his.*] What a man! What a man! [*They exit to game room and doors are closed.*]

[*JULIA glances about room from recess left. The room is clear again—so they come out—RAGS to below steps. JULIA on landing.*]

JULIA. [*Low voice.*] And look—just say, in case anyone asks ya, you went out for a walk or something—see? That's a good pal—maybe I can do something for you some time—who knows? [*Exits upstairs.*]

RAGS. [*Going to check room where TISH is asleep.*] Sure, all right. I'll try to find it for you. [*To TISH.*] Hey, doorman—bolt this after me, will you?

[*RAGS goes into check room to get his hat, then unbolts the hall door and opens it. TISH gets up sleepily and goes to the door.*]

TISH. Guess I was asleep, wasn't I?

RAGS. [*Standing in doorway.*] Asleep? I'll lay you ten to two you were dead—and leave it to you. [*Exits laughing.*]

[*TISH closes door and bolts it, exits into check room.*]

[HERMAN enters from bar door right as BEN enters from office.]

HERMAN. [*Snapping his fingers.*] Hey, Mr. Fischer, key to the basement. [*Rings elevator bell.*]

BEN. Huh?

[PEGGY enters from bar door left and stands there listening.]

HERMAN. [*On platform front of elevator.*] Key to the basement storeroom—we're out of ginger ale. [*Snaps fingers.*] Come on—the key—the key—chuck it to me, will yer?

BEN. [*Going up to down left of him.*] Listen, Herman—why can't you ask nice—what's this finger-snapping business? Can't you ask for the key like a gentleman instead of that [*Snaps fingers.*] stuff?

[*On cue—"like a gentleman"—Elevator is seen coming up.*]

HERMAN. Oh, come on—I'm in a hurry.

BEN. [*Hands over keys.*] There—be sure to give 'em back when you're through.

HERMAN. [*Opens elevator door.*] I've never kept 'em yet, have I?

[HERMAN takes key, goes down in lounge elevator.]

BEN. [*Going in front of settee to PEGGY.*] He's nice and gentle like a—flock of wild bears.

PEGGY. [*Coming down to left of settee.*] Well aside from that, how are you, Pops?

BEN. [*Sits settee right side, takes out small red notebook and looks in it.*] Don't ask.

PEGGY. [*On BEN'S left.*] I just won a hundred and sixty of your smackers—with my own money, too.

BEN. You turning sucker? You shouldn't play your own money.

PEGGY. [*Sits on left arm of settee.*] Why not? Your wheels are straight, ain't they?

BEN. Sure,—sure they are—about the only thing around here that is. But take my advice, quit winner and stay quits. In the long run you can't never beat the other fellow's game. [*Looks in notebook.*]

PEGGY. [*Rises.*] That's peculiar advice for you to be handing out. [*Goes left a bit.*]

BEN. I don't hand that to everyone, y' understand? [*Puts notebook in pocket.*] But you're a nice kid, you don't get so much when the wheel stops—yours ain't the color chips I like to win.

PEGGY. [*Goes back of settee, puts her hands on his shoulders.*] That great Dane that I hog-tied has dropped eight hundred bucks.

[*MUSIC heard in bar "Dew-dew-dewey Day"—three choruses.*]

BEN. I'll get about a sawbuck out of that if I take Miller's count. [*PEGGY twists his hair with her fingers.*] Don't—dat dickels.

PEGGY. [*Her elbows on his shoulders.*] Say, do I get the percentage on his losings?

BEN. Did you bring him?

PEGGY. No. I guess Julia brought him—but I coaxed him to play.

BEN. You can split the percentage with her.

PEGGY. [*Sitting on left arm of settee, back of it, left of him.*] Think of the nifty new coat that jelly bean's eight yards would have bought me if I had dragged him out of here.

BEN. You play along with me, kid, and you can have a new coat.

PEGGY. [*Sitting on his left.*] Is that a promise, Pops? Do we party?

[*Elevator rises.*]

BEN. [*Getting her meaning.*] I didn't mean—

PEGGY. When I'm with you I feel— [*Puts her left hand on his left hand.*] Give-in-ny.

[*HERMAN opens elevator door.*]

BEN. You do, huh?

PEGGY. Sure.

[*HERMAN comes out of elevator, carrying case of ginger ale without any effort. As he goes to bar he leans the case on his knee and tosses the keys to Fischer. They fall on the floor to right of BEN. HERMAN closes elevator door. BEN rises and picks up keys. PEGGY rises.*]

HERMAN. [*Snaps fingers.*] Keys, Fischer. [*Opens bar door right.*]

BEN. [*Going up to right of him.*] Listen, Herman, couldn't you hand 'em to me polite-like?

HERMAN. You got 'em back, ain't you? What the hell's the difference. [*Exits into bar door right carrying ginger ale.*]

BEN. How can a man be dat way? [*Starts down right centre to office.*]

PEGGY. [*Going to him back of settee.*] Well, when do we have this little party, Pops?

BEN. I'll get you a coat, kid, but you don't have to have no party with me.

PEGGY. Oh, I know I don't have to but I think with all your dough you're lonesome as hell. You look awful down. You need a little playmate. [*Pinching his cheek.*]

BEN. [*Takes her hand away from his face, pats it.*] I should be flattered you saying them things. I like you, too, but you work for me, see? And I don't never mix it up, business with pleasure. [*Music in bar stops.*]

PEGGY. [*Backs away a little.*] Oh, come off—really?

BEN. Sure, that's my principle—so—you and me be just friends, hey? That's good enough and then nobody can throw up to you how you're holding your job down, see? [*Goes to left of settee.*]

PEGGY. [*Steps toward him right of settee.*] I wish I could afford to quit. [*BEN stops.*] Say, Pops, I wonder if this bunch knows the kind of a guy you really are?

BEN. What the hell's the difference?

PEGGY. Lots of difference. Honest, Pops, I'm crazy about you.

[*Hall buzzer is heard. BEN looks at her with surprise. BUDDY enters from bar door right.*]

BUDDY. [*On platform front of elevator.*] Am I interrupting something?

PEGGY. Nothing but a love scene—but I ain't gettin' nowhere. [*Turns away right goes up to back of settee.*]

[*BUDDY comes down steps to up right of settee. TISH comes out, looks through shutter, closes it again. BEN is front of settee.*]

TISH. Say, that fellow Rags Conway is out there.

BEN. [*Irritated.*] He's all right, let him in.

TISH. But he's got a dick with him.

[*BUDDY crosses quickly back of settee to up left centre.*]

BEN. Oi—a dick?

PEGGY. Is this joy-joint pinched?

BEN. Say, it may not be so funny. Do you know him, Tish?

TISH. Sure. But I forget his name. He's the guy that married Julia Barnes.

BUDDY. Oh, he means Tom Hayes. [*Drops down left centre a step.*]

BEN. [*Relieved.*] Oh, him. He's all right. Let him in.

[*TISH opens door. TOM enters with RAGS. RAGS drops his cap on check room door shelf and crosses back of settee to chair right centre and sits. TOM comes down left of BUDDY.*]

PEGGY. Well, well, look who's here.

[TISH closes and bolts the door; leans on bolt. They are all conscious that RAGS is in trouble but try to conceal it.]

BUDDY. [Looking with surprise from RAGS to TOM.] Why—Tom—what is it?

TOM. [Reassuringly.] Hello, Buddy. How's the kid?

PEGGY. We haven't seen you since you was promoted out of your comedy uniform.

BUDDY. Yes—congratulations, Tom.

TOM. Thanks.

BEN. [Going to him.] How are you, Tom?

TOM. So-so. How are YOU, Fischer? [Slowly crosses BEN, front of settee, to RAGS.]

BEN. Lousy. [Goes up left of settee.]

[BUDDY drops down left centre.]

PEGGY. Julia told us you'd been promoted.

TOM. Did she?

PEGGY. I guess she's sore she quit you now. [Going back of settee, to left side of it, she kneels on it. TOM looks at her.]

TOM. [Referring to RAGS who is seated over right.] Any of you folks know this fellow?

BEN. Sure—and I know he's all right.

TOM. Yeah?

BUDDY. [Anxiously.] Why, yes, Tom—he's a friend of mine—and of Julia's.

TOM. So you know Julia? [*Pause.*] You told me you never heard of her.

RAGS. Well, I didn't know you was her husband.

BEN. [*Coming down left of settee.*] Sure he knows Julia. They both worked for me at the Half Moon Club. Didn't Julia never speaks to you of Rags Conway, the original singing piano comic?

TOM. [*Crossing to BEN.*] He didn't tell me his name. was Rags Conway.

[BUDDY *steps back in amazement.*]

BEN. [*Surprised—looks at RAGS—then back to TOM.*] No?

TOM. No. He said it was Balls McCarthy.

[PEGGY *goes over to right of settee, above.*]

RAGS. Well, I didn't want to get into no trouble.

BUDDY. Why, what trouble? [*Crossing front to RAGS.*] What's the matter, Rags?

RAGS. I'm pinched.

BUDDY. What? [*Backs a step.*]

BEN. Pinched? What for? What have you done?

RAGS. All I know is—I'm pinched.

BUDDY. But what for? [*Crossing to TOM.*] Tell us, Tom, won't you?

[*Music heard in bar—"Ramona"—two choruses—and two choruses of "Laugh Clown Laugh."*]

TOM. [*Pause.*] There was a fellow held up around the corner at the Royal Chop Suey Restaurant a while

ago—I happened to be near by when the calls was flashed and was the first one to get there. The place was empty—except for the Chinks that run the joint. And the guy that was robbed—he was in one of the booths—lying on the floor unconscious.

BUDDY. [*Looks at RAGS then back at TOM.*] But what's that got to do with Rags?

TOM. Well, after we shipped the guy off to the hospital, I stuck around to try to get the Chinks to talk. In a little while this fella— [*Nods to RAGS.*] blows in—looks around the room and then goes straight to the booth where the hold-up was pulled off.

[BUDDY *looks at RAGS.*]

BUDDY. [*Crossing to RAGS.*] What were you doing there?

RAGS. I ain't got nothing to say.

BUDDY. Rags! [*Backs a step.*]

RAGS. I ain't goin' to talk till I see a lawyer.

BUDDY. You won't?

RAGS. No.

TOM. He said he was looking for something that was left there. [*Watching the effect on them.*]

BUDDY. [*Staring at RAGS.*] Was left there?

RAGS. Aw, I just said that because I had to say something.

BEN. Look here, Rags, you ain't been doing nothing wrong, have you?

RAGS. No. On the level, Ben.

[HENNESSY enters from game room and goes down right with cash-in slip.]

BEN. Then you tell Tom why you was in that joint. You needn't be afraid to— [HENNESSY shows BEN slip. BEN sees it and stops talking.] My God, another! [Crosses to HENNESSY.]

HENNESSY. You said you wanted them brought to you, you know.

BEN. I'll be back in a minute. As soon as I tap my own till. [Exits to office followed by HENNESSY, who closes the door.]

TOM. [Has never taken his eyes from HENNESSY.] Is that fellow's name Hennessy?

PEGGY. Yes. He's Chris Miller's man. [Moves to left end of settee, back of it.]

TOM. Oh, Chris Miller's here, eh?

BUDDY. In the bar, I think.

TOM. [Goes up left to look in bar, dropping his cap on left end as he passes.] Has he been here for the past hour or so?

BUDDY. [Going up right centre a step.] Why—yes, he has—why?

[TISH takes two steps to left centre covering TOM from JULIA'S sight, as she enters from upstairs. She does not see TOM. She is in a dressing gown.]

JULIA. [To RAGS.] Paderewski!

[RAGS *alarmed, rises.*]

PEGGY. Why, Julia—anything the matter?

JULIA. [*Going to left centre.*] Can't sleep—thought I could finesse myself a drink. [TISH *returns to his position at door. TOM comes down left.*] Paderewski, will you get me a shot at the bar and bring it up to me?

[*Turns, sees TOM, stops short, long pause. She is frightened, but tries to conceal it.*] What you doing here?

[BUDDY *comes down right of settee.*]

TOM. On business.

BUDDY. [*Crosses to centre of settee, front.*] He's arrested Rags.

JULIA. [*Nervously, after quite a pause, with assumed surprise.*] Arrested Rags? What for—playing the piano?

TOM. [*Serious and slow.*] I found him around at the Royal Chop Suey Restaurant.

JULIA. [*After another pause.*] Where's that?

TOM. Not far from here. There was a hold-up around there. The guy that was robbed is in the hospital—may not live.

[BEN and HENNESSY *enter from office. HENNESSY goes into gambling room, closing doors after him.*]

BEN. [*Crossing to centre, right of BUDDY.*] What's up now?

TOM. [*Very easily.*] I'm just trying to have a little talk with—with my wife.



BEN. Like us to go?

TOM. Thanks. [*RAGS starts off toward game room.*]
Not you. [*RAGS sits extreme right.*]

BUDDY. [*Anxiously to left of settee.*] Tom, you're not going to arrest Rags, are you?

TOM. [*Smiles at her.*] Friend of yours, you said.

BUDDY. He is a—a—a most particular friend.

TOM. That so. Well, I'll see what I can do.

BUDDY. Will you, please?

BEN. Come on, you two—let's give him a chance. Come along. Come on. [*Takes BUDDY and PEGGY up left—they exit to bar, door left.*] Let me know if you need me, Rags.

[*RAGS is still sitting right. TOM and JULIA are down left.*]

RAGS. I'm all right. I got enough to go my bail.

[*BEN exits. Bar door left. Closes door.*]

JULIA. I'm going to bed. [*Crosses in front of TOM toward stairs.*]

TOM. Just a minute, Julia. I got something that belongs to you. [*Taking cigarette case out of his pocket.*]

JULIA. What is it?

TOM. Your cigarette case.

JULIA. That ain't mine.

TOM. Oh yes it is, kid, because it's the one I gave you.

JULIA. [*Taking it from him.*] Where did you find it?

TOM. Just where you lost it. [JULIA looks at RAGS.]

RAGS. He didn't get it from ME.

TOM. No. When he came looking for it—I had it.

RAGS. I didn't tell you who's cigarette case I was looking for!

TOM. [*A step toward him.*] I didn't ask you to talk.

RAGS. Well—I'm talking.

TOM. Well—don't.

RAGS. All right—I WON'T! [*Turns his back.*]

[*Music in bar stops.*]

JULIA. What the hell are you trying to do? Pin this hold-up on me?

TOM. Why, the Chinks tipped off the whole bunch there was a woman with this guy. [JULIA turns away, frightened.] But I'm the only one that knows who she was. Except this fellow. How much he's on to I don't know.

JULIA. He ain't on to nothing.

TOM. [*Stepping to her, over her shoulder.*] Nobody seen that cigarette case but me. The guy that was held up was lying on it. I noticed it when I lifted him up and I grabbed it. [*Pause.*] How much you had to do with this job, I don't know. I hope to God you didn't know what was coming off, but you was there. And that may raise hell—especially if the guy CROAKS. Now I want to keep you out of this, if there's any way on God's earth it can be done. [JULIA looks up at him. For the first time she realizes that TOM may be trying to help

her. She fights desperately to control her tears—she chokes.] Easy now.

JULIA. [*Turning to him.*] You got no reason to go through for me, Tom.

TOM. [*After a long look at her.*] We won't get started on that. [*Pause. JULIA turns away.*] Now you go up and try to get some sleep—and you stick around in bed tomorrow—say you ain't feeling well. Don't talk to nobody—see?

[*JULIA turns to him quickly, tries to speak, chokes up. BUDDY enters from bar, door left. Music heard in bar—"Crazy Rhythm"—one chorus. Elevator seen going down.*]

BUDDY. Oh, Tom—I— [*JULIA turns right and exits quietly upstairs. BUDDY watches her off, then comes down on TOM'S right.*] Tom, I didn't want to butt in, but I got nervous. You're not going to take Rags in, are you?

TOM. I intended to.

BUDDY. Oh, please, Tom.

RAGS. [*Rises and goes to front of settee at centre.*] It's all right. I'll go. I've bunked in worse dumps than jails.

TOM. [*Crosses to him.*] Listen, young fella, if I turn you loose I want your word you'll be here tomorrow afternoon.

BUDDY. He'll be here, Tom.

TOM. And I want you to promise that you won't open your trap about this to nobody, see?

BUDDY. He won't, Tom, I promise you. [TOM picks up his cap from settee and takes a step upstage. BUDDY goes up left centre.] I suppose you're up to your old tricks of butting in again.

RAGS. [Following her.] I wasn't butting into nothin'. [Elevator seen coming up. BUDDY exits to bar-door left. Slams door in RAGS' face. RAGS stands outside of it. BEN enters from bar, door right. TOM comes down left centre.]

BEN. [Going front of settee to TOM.] Now, Tom, what's this business about Rags?

TOM. Any big winners leave here tonight?

BEN. Sure—some big winners leave here every night—why?

TOM. I was just wondering how you was doin' here, that's all. [CHRIS steps out of elevator. DUKE seen in elevator. DUKE sees TOM, closes door quickly, the elevator takes him down.]

BEN. Aw—lousy. [Goes up back of settee. CHRIS is about to go into gaming room when TOM speaks to him.]

TOM. Hello, Miller.

CHRIS. [Surprised, crosses front to TOM, extends his hand. TOM ignores it. CHRIS puts his hand behind him.

BEN goes back of settee to right of it.] Why, Tom Hayes. Why the hell didn't somebody tell me you was here? You don't often honor us with a visit. What's new?

[HENNESSY opens door of gambling room and is about to enter when he sees TOM. He stands just inside of doorway closing doors.]

TOM. We was just talkin' about the hold-up.

CHRIS. Hold-up?

TOM. Yeah. He ain't expected to live.

[Music in bar—"Everybody's Buddy"—one chorus.]

CHRIS. [Taken by surprise.] Who? Who you talkin' about?

TOM. If the newspapers are unfriendly and play it up, it will be tough on your racket here.

CHRIS. What will?

TOM. To have a winner rolled for his dough in the neighborhood of this class spot.

CHRIS. Say—wait a second. What are you talking about? This is all Greek to me. Who was held up?

TOM. [Long pause.] Don't you know who I'm talking about?

CHRIS. No, I don't follow you.

TOM. Well, I don't mean to be short with you, Miller, but I'm in a hurry, so if you don't know what I've been talking about, you can read it in the bull-dog editions—they got it by now. [Turns away door left. TISH unbolts the door; TOM turns at door.] It will make a nice bedtime story for you. So long.

[TOM exits, hall door. All eyes turn to CHRIS. BEN looks at CHRIS—then at HENNESSY.]

CURTAIN

ACT II

ACT II

AT RISE: *Doors to game room wide open. The settee is left centre up and down stage. The coffee table is up right of doors centre. All cushions have been removed. The tables in game room are covered with white cloths. Only the four pendant lights are lighted in lounge. The bar is brilliantly lighted as in previous act excepting for the color wheel. The panels right and left of doors centre and the doors centre have been removed. (This is done to make a wider opening so that the scenes played in the bar in this act can be seen better.)*

TIME: *Next afternoon, while place is being cleaned.*

AT RISE: *JOE is mopping the floor near game room doors, working his way into game room soon after curtain rises. A few bars of music are heard before curtain rises. RAGS in white bartender's apron is seated at piano right of bar, composing music. He strikes a chord—then writes it down on sheet in front of him. There is a cocktail shaker on the bar left of him and three empty cocktail glasses. HENNESSY has a fourth glass in his hand as the curtain rises. HENNESSY is wearing a green baize apron with a whisk-broom sticking out of his back-pocket and a chamois skin; is standing in front of the bar in his shirt-sleeves, pipe in*

one hand and a cocktail in the other. He holds the drink up to the light. Admires it. Then he drinks it—smacking his lips. Puts down glass.

HENNESSY. Say—they was great. Thanks, old pal.
[*Starts right to table right of doors centre.*]

RAGS. Wait a minute, old pal—how about an encore?
[*Rises, goes behind bar and pours another cocktail.*]

HENNESSY. [*Goes up to bar—picks up the glass.*] Are they as good as the other ones?

RAGS. Just as good—only more so.

HENNESSY. Say, at mixing a cocktail you can give Herman cards and spades.

RAGS. Yes, a "Little Casino."

HENNESSY. These are aces. Say, I contend mixing a cocktail as good as that is one of the highest forms of art. I'm a connoisseur so I know what I'm talking about. Tell me the secret of that concoction—it certainly is marvelous. [*Smacks his lips.*] What's in it?

RAGS. [*As HENNESSY drinks.*] You use one-fourth Scotch—one-fourth gin—one-fourth lemon juice—one-fourth apricot brandy—one-fourth lime and one-fourth—

HENNESSY. Would you be so kind as to write that down for me some time?

RAGS. [*Shaking his hand.*] I'll be delighted to, old pal.

HENNESSY. Thanks. [*Goes down right a step.*]

RAGS. Say brother— [HENNESSY stops—RAGS pours another cocktail.] You couldn't give me a little tip on how to ease in to some of the graft here, could you?

HENNESSY. Graft? That's a naughty word. [Eyes him shrewdly—goes up to bar.] What makes you think there's any graft here?

RAGS. I never worked no place where there wasn't.

HENNESSY. [Starting down right.] There ain't none here that I know of.

RAGS. Here—try another. [RAGS offers him cocktail. HENNESSY goes up and takes it.]

HENNESSY. Thanks—these are certainly delicious. [Drinks it.] Say, kid, you have a talk with Miller.

RAGS. Miller, eh?

HENNESSY. Yes, he's the big noise here. [BEN enters from stairs left. Seeing BEN on stairs.] Ah, there, Mr. Fischer. I been having a very pleasant surprise. A heterogeneous surprise. [To RAGS.] Thanks, old pal, for the cocktails. [Starts right toward game room.] Mr. Fischer, that kid's all right—and kid, Mr. Fischer's all right. A good guy to work for. A little over-cautious perhaps—but a good guy to work for, and I'm yours truly every day in the week. [Still talking he exits into game room.]

BEN. Yeah—excepting Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—

RAGS. [Coming down to BEN's right.] You breezed in just at the wrong time. I've been feeding that mug my famous "Chatter-box" cocktails.

BEN. For why?

RAGS. Why? To make him talk. You wanted me to be a Sherlocko around here, didn't you?

BEN. Sure.

RAGS. Well, these Chatter-boxes will make the Sphinx gabby. Didn't you notice how they made him talk?

BEN. Yeah. Language he spoke—but he didn't say nothing.

RAGS. He didn't, eh? He said enough to put me wise he's in on some graft here with Miller. [JOE enters the game room, places his mop against chair right centre and starts down right.]

BEN. Yeah—oh, then I'll fire him. [RAGS goes upper center.] I'll get an honest floorman over in Jersey I know.—Where you going, Joe?

JOE. Your phone's ringing. [Hall door buzzer is heard.]

BEN. I'll take it. [Crosses right.] You see who that is. [BEN exits to office. JOE goes to hall door. RAGS sits at piano up in bar, striking chords and writing notes on music paper. JOE goes to door, looks out, unbolts it and admits PEGGY who has new coat in a suit box.]

PEGGY. [Crossing JOE to right of him.] Hello, Joe. Is the big Boss in?

JOE. Mr. Miller?

PEGGY. No, no. Not Mr. Miller. The Boss.

JOE. [With slight smile.] Mr. Miller SAYS he's the boss. Mr. Fischer's in the office. [Points.]

PEGGY. Anybody in there with him?

JOE. He's telephoning.

PEGGY. Slip him the news I'd like to see him a minute, will you, Joe? [JOE crosses right and exits to office.] Hello, bright eyes. [Puts box on table up right centre.]

RAGS. [Looking up and around room.] Hello there, kid. [Goes on with playing.]

PEGGY. [Goes left of RAGS, looks over his shoulder, interested in music sheet.] Say, are you composing music?

RAGS. [Continues to write notes, does not look up.] Smart girl. Go to the head of the class.

JOE. [Coming out of BEN's office.] Mr. Fischer will be out pretty soon. [Exits to game room.]

PEGGY. Thanks, Joe. [Goes right of piano. Leans over back of piano.] Say, what's the make-up all about?

RAGS. [Keeping on with his work.] I'm going to be the bar-keep.

PEGGY. The bar-keep? Here?

[JOE enters with three cushions and pillow, drops one on stair landing right, crosses to seat left of door, puts one cushion and pillow there, goes to seat on stairs left, puts that cushion in place, then crosses to seat right and puts cushion he has dropped on stairs on that seat.]

RAGS. No, behind the bar there.

PEGGY. Is that big stiff Herman fired?

RAGS. That's something that's going to happen in the near future.

PEGGY. Good. I'd like to be on hand to lead the cheering.

[RAGS *still playing.*]

RAGS. Stick around. [*Strikes chord.*]

PEGGY. That song you composed for Buddy is swell.

RAGS. Like it?

[JOE *exits to game room for big cushion for settee.*]

PEGGY. [*Goes up right of piano to phonograph switch on wall back of bar.*] Yeah, great. We have some here I like, too. [*Leans over bar—snaps phonograph switch; phonograph plays immediately after being turned on.*]

RAGS. What you doin'?

PEGGY. Starting our phonograph. [*Comes down right of piano.*]

RAGS. How can I be a George Olsen with that going? [*Rises; JOE enters with big cushion. Puts it on settee then takes pillow from seat left of doors centre and puts it on settee.*]

PEGGY. Oh, I'm sorry.

RAGS. That's all right. [*Takes music, goes behind bar. Clears bar of empty glasses.*]

[BEN *comes from office.*]

BEN. [*Crossing up right centre.*] What do you want, you little son of a gun?

[JOE goes into bar and pushes piano into place against wall; then exits back of bar to left.]

PEGGY. [*Leaving RAGS and coming down.*] How goes it, Pops? Just breezed in to show you something.

[*Opens box—takes out coat.*] Pipe. [*Holds it up.*]

BEN. You wasn't long getting it.

PEGGY. Ain't it a bear?

BEN. A bear? [*Feels it.*] It feels like a pussy cat. [*Putting his hand in his pocket.*] How much does it set me back?

PEGGY. So that's what you think of me, eh?

BEN. Didn't I tell you last night I'd get it for you?

PEGGY. But I wouldn't take it at your terms. I got a principle, too. I bought this with my roulette money. A big bargain, too. Buddy's got 'em to cut the price in half.

RAGS. Did you say Buddy? [*Comes down on her left. BEN goes right, looks into game room and returns.*]

PEGGY. Yeah.

RAGS. Where is she?

PEGGY. What will you give me to tell you?

RAGS. I'll give you a swell cocktail. [*Goes up to bar and gets shaker and cocktail glass.*]

PEGGY. Too early in the day.

RAGS. [*Coming down.*] But these are extra special.

PEGGY. I'd like to drink the shaker full but I got to disdain myself.

BEN. [*Crossing to left centre.*] That's right, kid, go easy on the booze—you'll live longer.

[PEGGY *puts cover back on box.*]

RAGS. [*Going down to BEN on his right.*] You try one, Ben. You used to like them. Wrap your tongue around that. [*Pours one out.*]

BEN. No, the doctor won't let me touch nothing stronger than beer.

PEGGY. One won't hurt you, Pops.

RAGS. Just taste it.

BEN. [*Smiling.*] You son of a gun—[*Smiles.*] Well, just a taste. [*Sips it, starts to return the glass, then sips it again, then finishes it.*] Say—is that our own stuff? [*Phonograph stops.*]

RAGS. It's what you sell the victims. Have another. [*Starts to pour another. BEN hands glass to him.*]

BEN. Take it away—don't tempt me.

[RAGS *goes up to bar, puts down glass.*]

PEGGY. [*Picks up suit box and coat. Crosses left front of settee.*] Well, say—I got to see Julia. Got a message for her from Buddy.

RAGS. [*Crossing back of settee to her.*] From Buddy—what is it?

PEGGY. [*On platform foot of stairs.*] You're too young to hear it. [*Goes upstairs.*]

[JOE *enters with rag from rear of bar-room—to get oil bottle on steps upper right.*]

RAGS. I'll try the rest of these out on somebody else.

BEN. What?

RAGS. [*Shows shaker.*] They're all shaken up anyway—hey, Joe.

[*JOE picks up oil bottle and starts right.*]

JOE. Yeah?

RAGS. You want a nice cocktail?

JOE. Yeah. [*Goes to him.*]

RAGS. Here—[*offering shaker to him.*]

JOE. I ain't got no glass.

RAGS. Here, take it.

[*JOE takes cocktail shaker from RAGS.*]

JOE. [*Crossing to BEN, who is left centre.*] Can I have all this? Can I, Mr. Fischer? Thanks.

[*RAGS goes up into bar and back of it.*]

BEN. Sure, drink it up—it puts hair on your chest.

[*Crosses to right centre. JOE takes drink as he exits off into check room with cocktail shaker.*]

CHRIS. [*Entering from upstairs, in shirt sleeves; stops on landing.*] Joe—why don't you answer my bell?

JOE. [*In door of check room, hiding shaker behind him.*] Was doing something important.

[*RAGS is behind bar—humming a song.*]

CHRIS. I'm the important guy around here. When I ring I want service. [*Crosses to centre. Sees RAGS behind bar.*] What's the idea?

BEN. New bartender.

[RAGS places four whiskey glasses on bar.]

CHRIS. New bartender?

BEN. Yes.

CHRIS. Where do you think you're going to put him?

BEN. Right here.

CHRIS. To help Herman?

BEN. Instead of Herman.

CHRIS. Yeah?

BEN. That's right.

[BEN is sore. There is an air of decision and mastery about CHRIS.]

CHRIS. Oh, that's the way you feel, is it?

BEN. Yeah. That's the way. [CHRIS goes up centre to bar. BEN goes up a step.]

CHRIS. Give me a drink.

RAGS. Sure, I'll mix you up a nice cocktail. [Looks at BEN.]

[JOE comes from check room, gets mop from chair right centre and returns to check room, deposits things, drinks from shaker in check room.]

CHRIS. No—Scotch and Perrier water.

RAGS. [Nervously.] Yes, sir. [Places Scotch bottle on bar left end.]

CHRIS. No, not that stuff. [Pushes bottle away—pointing to bottle behind bar.] That "King George" there.

[RAGS places King George Scotch on bar and looks for Perrier water—to BEN.] Who is he, anyway?

BEN. Conway—this is Chris Miller.

RAGS. I'm glad to know you, Mr. Miller. [*Extends his hand.*]

CHRIS. Your hand is all wet. [*Carelessly indicates RAG'S wet hand.*]

RAGS. Well, that ain't all that's all wet around here.

CHRIS. Come on, come on, where have you been tending bar—Huyler's?

BEN. He's tended bar lots of places. [*Goes to settee left center. PEGGY comes downstairs. CHRIS pours a whiskey and drinks it. RAGS opens a bottle of Perrier water, places it and a glass in front of CHRIS—CHRIS pours water.*]

PEGGY. [*Going up to BEN.*] Julia says this coat ain't becoming to my type of beauty.

BEN. [*Crossing to door left.*] She's only kidding you.

PEGGY. I'm going to get my money back on it.

BEN. [*Opening hall door for her.*] Sure—I'll get you a better one.

PEGGY. Gee, Pops—you're rare—you're rare. [*Exits hall door left.*]

BEN. Yeah—but I'm being well done. [*Closes hall door, bolts it, crosses back of settee to right centre.*]

CHRIS. Hey, Fischer—[*Comes down centre to left of BEN.*] What happens to Herman?

BEN. I'm going to make you a present of him.

CHRIS. Now, wait a minute. Please consult me before you make any changes.

[*Elevator seen coming up.*]

BEN. I'm paying the bills—why should I consult you?

[*Goes into bar to RAGS.*]

CHRIS. [*Following him up—on his left.*] You suspect Herman of being crooked?

[*HERMAN in elevator knocks on door.*]

BEN. I'm passed suspecting. Joe, see who's at the elevator.

JOE. Guess it's Herman. The inside elevator is locked.

CHRIS. Well, unlock it. Let him in. He's bringing up some stuff I ordered.

[*JOE crosses to office right for key.*]

BEN. There's another thing. I'll O. K. all orders for booze personally from today on.

CHRIS. Oh, you will! [*Drinks Perrier water.*]

BEN. Yeah. I'll see what comes in and I'll know what goes out. I ain't going to be robbed under my nose no more.

[*JOE returns with key to elevator, unlocks it.*]

CHRIS. [*Putting down glass and crossing angrily to BEN.*] Who's been robbing you? [*BEN looks at him.*] Who's been robbing you?

BEN. Everybody but the customers.

[*The door is pushed open and HARDWARE HERMAN enters from self-service elevator.*]

HERMAN. [*Rough in speech and action.*] Here, Joe—give me a hand with this booze trunk. [*Snaps fingers.*

JOE and HERMAN *pull trunk off elevator and down steps. JOE is right of it. HENNESSY comes from gambling room, hat and coat on, closes doors.*]

HENNESSY. [*To HERMAN.*] Say, Herman, there's a new bartender here—did you know it?

HERMAN. [*Dropping his end of trunk.*] A new bartender?

JOE. [*Goes to bar—to BEN.*] Got key to booze trunk?

[*CHRIS comes down left of centre.*]

BEN. Here's the key. [*Reaches in pocket, can't seem to find it.*]

HENNESSY. [*To HERMAN down right.*] He mixes the meanest cocktail I ever tasted.

CHRIS. Here, Joe—the flat one— [*JOE comes from bar to Chris, who hands his key ring to him.*]

HERMAN. What the hell happens to me?

HENNESSY. I'm afraid you're canned.

HERMAN. The hell you say.

[*JOE goes to trunk, unlocks it. HENNESSY speaks simultaneously with HERMAN and CHRIS.*]

HENNESSY. [*Going up to elevator.*] Thanks for the elevator—that's what I call service. [*About to close door.*] Anybody going down? No? Well, see you

anonymously—I'm off to the ball game. [*Closes door and elevator takes him down.*]

HERMAN. I'll see about this. [*Goes to CHRIS at left center.*] Am I canned? Is that right, Chris?

CHRIS. Fischer's got a chip on his shoulder today.

HERMAN. Why didn't you tip me this was coming?

CHRIS. I didn't know it—he just sprung it on me.

HERMAN. Well, I'll be damned. [*Looks up stage at RAGS.*] This here infant taking my job.

BEN. [*Comes down centre to right of HERMAN. Takes out roll of bills, hands two fifties to HERMAN and puts roll in his pocket.*] Herman, here's your week—you're through.

[*HERMAN puts money in pocket, after counting it.*]

JOE. [*Crossing back of them to CHRIS.*] Here's key—[*Hands key ring to Chris who pockets it. JOE motions to RAGS to help him. JOE goes back to trunk followed by RAGS. They carry trunk up to bar room, put it near right wall and down-stage as far as possible, JOE at upper end of trunk. RAGS lifts the lid.*]

HERMAN. It's a dirty rotten trick—yanking me out sudden—what'll all my friends think? By God, it's lousy. [*RAGS passes the cases to JOE who stacks them behind bar. JOE and RAGS work during this scene.*] What's the idea, Fischer, anyway?

BEN. There's been too much red ink used on the books.

HERMAN. [*Going close to BEN.*] Listen,—I don't keep those books. I'll have you know I'm honest.

BEN. Yeah? [*Looks at CHRIS.*] Well, the books call somebody a damn thief. [*Goes right.*]

CHRIS. [*Crossing to right centre.*] I'll not take any more of your insults—Fischer. If you're not satisfied with the way I've been managing things—

BEN. Well, I'm not.

CHRIS. Then buy me out.

BEN. BUY you out? You're lucky if I don't kick you out.

HERMAN. He couldn't operate a week without your connections, Chris.

BEN. There'd be more money in it for me if I wasn't operating with you gyps trimming me.

CHRIS. Say, if I didn't have pity on cripples, I'd bust you in the beak. [*Goes to left then returns to centre.*]

HERMAN. Yeah, there's plenty there for both of us to bust.

BEN. [*Going to front of chair right centre.*] You are trying to bust everything around here, ain't you?

HERMAN. [*Advancing on him slowly. RAGS grabs up empty beer bottle from bar and rushes for HERMAN.*] I got a good mind to slough you, Fischer, for canning me. [*Rushes at BEN drawing back his arm. Throws BEN in chair right centre. RAGS grabs HERMAN'S arm and raises bottle to hit him. JOE, in the bar, stops work, watches.*]

RAGS. Hey, cut it—

CHRIS. Nix,—nix, Herman.

BEN. [*Coolly and slowly.*] Take your lousy paws off me, you damn gonniff.

HERMAN. [*Releasing BEN, turning left to RAGS who has bottle in hand.*] What you doing with that? Looking for trouble?

[*BEN rises, goes right a step.*]

RAGS. If I was, I came to the right place to find it.

HERMAN. [*Advancing a step.*] You want some?

RAGS. [*Backs a step.*] No, no, I ain't looking for none, but you keep your hands off Ben Fischer, or I'm apt to crown you.

[*HERMAN steps close to him.*]

HERMAN. Why, you—

CHRIS. Herman! [*BEN goes up a step; to HERMAN, pulling him away to bar.*] You better stay out of this.

[*JOE resumes work. CHRIS pours himself a drink.*]

RAGS. Phew. Say, Ben, I ain't stuck on this job. [*Puts bottle on table up right centre.*] These guys play too rough. I don't have to do this. I got money. [*Pulling off his apron.*]

BEN. But I need you, Rags. I'm asking you to stay.

[*CHRIS leaves bar, goes down left centre and sits.*]

RAGS. [*Pauses, while he looks at HERMAN and CHRIS.*] Well, all right, Ben, you're the boss. Anything you say.

[*Long silence. RAGS picks up bottle and goes up back of bar. HERMAN strikes a match to light his cigarette.*]

RAGS *shies at the flash as he passes him. BEN goes right, locks office door, then returns right centre.*]

JOE. [*Going down to right centre with copy of order which he has taken from inside of trunk.*] Say, five cases come in trunk—all right?

BEN. [*Goes to him and takes copy.*] Let's see copy of the order. Five cases—mark it down, Rags. I want to keep track of everything that comes in and goes out. [*RAGS marks note of the cases on pad. BEN marks in his little red notebook. JOE to up left centre to check room. To RAGS.*] Well, that's all for now. You better grab off some sleep for yourself. You'll be kept up late on this job. [*To JOE, as he comes from check room with cocktail shaker.*] Oh, Joe, your work all done?

JOE. Yeah, I'm goin' to get some sleep, too. I was up until six. [*Exits upstairs.*]

RAGS. [*Takes music, comes from bar. HERMAN steps down after him.*] See you later, Ben. [*Crossing back of settee to left.*]

BEN. You going to take a rest, too?

RAGS. [*On landing foot of stairs.*] Oh, no. If I'm going to work with these guys, I'm going upstairs to make out my WILL. [*Exits upstairs.*]

HERMAN. [*Coming down centre.*] He'll put this joint on the fritz—you just watch trade drop off without me behind that bar. I got a followin', I have.

BEN. [*Going up to him.*] Ah, I don't need your followin' of bums, grifters and gunmen. [*New thought.*] It was one of them maybe that passed word out that

Frank Wardell won heavy last night. I don't want nothing but respectable people round here no more, see? [*Crossing to CHRIS left centre.*] I'm getting an honest floorman to take Hennessy's place, too.

CHRIS. [*Rises.*] What's the matter with Hennessy?

[*HERMAN comes down on BEN's right.*]

BEN. I suspect him of raising cash-in slips on me—that's what's the matter with him. I'm goin' to clean this house of all the dirty low-life tricks and if I can't run a decent, respectable high-class gambling joint then I'm goin' to get out of this lousy racket. [*Starts to go left of CHRIS.*]

[*Elevator rises for TISH's entrance.*]

CHRIS. Say, you're doing too damn much squawking to suit me.

HERMAN. [*Advancing a step.*] That's what I say. [*Elevator door opens and TISH enters, with large box of flowers under his arm, goes to right centre.*] If you know what's good for you I advise you not to fire me and Hennessy. Just pipe down and crawl back in your hole.

[*TISH takes revolver out of his hip pocket and puts it in his coat pocket, keeping his hand in his pocket.*]

BEN. Yeah?

HERMAN. Yeah.

TISH. What's the matter? [*CHRIS and HERMAN look up, see TISH, move back away from BEN. TISH to BEN.*] What's the matter, Boss?

BEN. These guys think they can make me crawl.

TISH. Yeah?

HERMAN. [*Over his shoulder to him.*] Outside stirrbug—this is a gentleman's argument.

TISH. [*To HERMAN.*] Outside with you—any time.

[*HERMAN advances threateningly—sees shape of gun in TISH'S pocket, backs up. CHRIS calls him to stop—HERMAN moves away.*]

BEN. Tish—Tish—don't waste your time—we gotta be going. [*Goes up left gets his hat from check room. HERMAN goes up to bar. CHRIS sits on settee. BEN comes down left—sees box of flowers under TISH'S arm.*] Oh, did you get the flowers?

TISH. Yeah. Want a peek at 'em?

BEN. [*Crossing below settee to TISH.*] No, we'll take 'em over to the hospital and see how he is.

[*TISH goes up to elevator door.*]

BEN. [*Backs up right centre three steps.*] I got a good name in this town and by God you guys ain't gonna play me for a sucker no longer. I'll run this crooked business straight or not at all. [*Goes up on platform of elevator.*] Come on, Tish. [*Exits into lounge elevator followed by TISH.*]

[*Elevator takes BEN and TISH down. CHRIS is seated on settee left centre.*]

HERMAN. What put him wise? The Wardell thing last night?

CHRIS. Oh, he was wise there was something phoney long before that.

HERMAN. Bringing them flowers to the hospital for him, eh?

CHRIS. I don't know.

HERMAN. Are we in sour in this Wardell affair? [CHRIS, *thinking, does not answer. Rises. Shrugs his shoulders.*] I thought you said they were going to use the painless method on him.

CHRIS. [*Crossing to right centre.*] The poor sap put up a fight. Gyp had to slug him.

HERMAN. But there was a dick nosin' around here last night. Did you know it?

CHRIS. [*Crossing back to centre.*] Yeah—Tom Hayes. But he can't do no harm.

HERMAN. Say—having that soused wife of his around ain't any help.

CHRIS. That's no damned lie.

HERMAN. If he ever runs into her when she's got a snootful she might blow the whole works.

CHRIS. Julia bellyaches a lot but she'll keep her trap shut.

HERMAN. Yeah?

CHRIS. Well, she always has.

HERMAN. My motto is never trust none of 'em.

CHRIS. Well, you're a smart mug.

HERMAN. So are you about everything but broads—

I never seen one yet that wasn't a gabby gat. [*Puffs cigarette.*] This may turn out serious—say, I was just thinkin'—

CHRIS. YOU were?

HERMAN. Suppose I show up here tonight with a few of my playmates?

CHRIS. [*Going to him.*] What's on your mind?

HERMAN. Suppose instead of Fischer gettin' you out—you could get him out? Why, what we could do to this joint in an hour would make that Yid willin' to give it away.

CHRIS. [*Thinking.*] That's GOOD thinking. [*Pause.*] You bring your playmates around, but take it easy.

HERMAN. Anything you say. [*Goes up to platform front of elevator.*]

CHRIS. Don't start anything unless I tip you.

HERMAN. You know me, Boss. [*Up to elevator and presses button. JULIA enters from upstairs in dressing gown—smoking a cigarette. HERMAN sees her.*] Hello there, kid.

[*Elevator seen coming up.*]

JULIA. [*Crossing back of settee to up centre.*] I hear you got canned.

HERMAN. You wasn't long hearing it, was yer?

JULIA. [*Going into bar.*] No. Good news travels fast.

HERMAN. So long. Chris.

CHRIS. What's your hurry?

HERMAN. I want to look up a couple of guys.

CHRIS. See you later.

HERMAN. Sure, tonight. With the neighbor's children.

[*Exits into elevator, closing door, the elevator taking him down.*]

JULIA. [*At bar, pours herself a drink.*] Have a drink? Thank you, I don't mind if I do. [*Drinks it.*]

CHRIS. Go easy on that. It loosens your tongue. You're still hopped.

JULIA. Not so bad that I ain't on to you.

CHRIS. Yes? [*Goes up into bar on her left.*]

JULIA. You with all your promises of not seeing Buddy again. [*Shows telegram; CHRIS reacts, snatching it from her.*] What the hell you mean by planning on beating it off to Chicago with Buddy, huh?

CHRIS. [*Putting telegram in his pocket.*] Don't be so damn nosey around my room. Janney wants the kid for a part in his show out there, that's all.

JULIA. Yeah? Well, any trip you take to Chicago with Buddy, I go too, see?

CHRIS. Is that so?

JULIA. Yeah, that's so. I'm sticking to you like glue—just—like—glue.

CHRIS. Buddy means nothing in my life. I was just trying to help the kid, that's all.

JULIA. Don't try to stall me. [*Laughs sneeringly.*] You can't keep away from her. Well, Romeo, you're going

to have to just the same—'cause I won't stand for it.

CHRIS. Oh, you won't!

JULIA. No, I won't!

CHRIS. [*Goes down right centre.*] I'd like to see the dame that is going to tell me where to head in.

JULIA. [*Coming down on his left.*] Here's one that will—right here. [*Points to herself.*]

CHRIS. Now, listen, you're not going to hang on my neck any longer.

JULIA. Oh, ain't I?

CHRIS. No. I'm going to do just as I damn please.

JULIA. Except toss me over and grab Buddy. She's a good kid. So lay off.

CHRIS. Huh, you talked like you owned me. [*Crossing her to left centre.*]

JULIA. Well, I do—you coaxed me to separate from Tom—so nobody'd have me but you.

CHRIS. It didn't take much coaxing.

JULIA. Like hell it didn't. I got the information you wanted about Herman's trial, and didn't you coax me to double-cross my own husband to get it?

CHRIS. [*Turning on her.*] I paid you for that tip.

JULIA. [*Going to him.*] Why the hell wouldn't you—the info kept Herman from taking a ten year rap—you got yours out of it.

CHRIS. Well, shut up about that. [*Returns to bar, pours himself another drink.*]

JULIA. [*Following him up to left of him.*] Then don't you start two-timing on me—especially with my own pal—cause I won't stand it.

CHRIS. All right—you win. Now, for God's sake, shut up.

JULIA. No, I won't shut up—why should I shut up?

CHRIS. Cause I want you to.

JULIA. That ain't good enough reason. [CHRIS *goes down right centre.*] You quit tryin' to promote yourself with Buddy and I'll shut and keep shut. Say, I know my business. I know how to keep shut. [*Pours herself a drink and drinks it.*]

CHRIS. I don't know if you do or not. When you're bunned you don't know what you're spilling—if you hadn't been drunk last night you wouldn't have lost your cigarette case over in the chop suey joint.

JULIA. You've never been soused; I suppose you're perfect. You never pull a bloomer.

CHRIS. Well, what the hell did you lose the damn thing for?

JULIA. Didn't you ever lose anything in your life? Why don't you blame someone else, it wasn't my fault the Wardell job got all bawled up. Is it gratitude to keep ragging about it?

CHRIS. Oh, we've been all over that gratitude stuff.

JULIA. [*Going down to him on his left.*] Yeah? Well, we'll go over it again. I'm through hiding in the dark alleys waiting for you—so nobody'd get wise to us—

so I've moved some of my duds over to a furnished apartment. [CHRIS *looks at her.*] Where we can be more to ourselves when we want to. [CHRIS *looks away disgustedly.*] What the hell, I'm no sap. I might as well spend your money. I ain't going to let you treat me like a bum while you take other girls out to swell joints and spend your dough on 'em. It's about time I asserted my rights. You're mine. And that's the way its going to be. And I'm sick of making it a secret.

CHRIS. [*Turning on her.*] All right, will you shut up about it? [*Crosses to left centre.*]

JULIA. I told you I'd shut up when you stopped cheating. [*Goes up a bit.*] What a fool I'd be to let you go to Chicago alone with her. You got her all hopped up with your smooth talk, just like you had me at first. [CHRIS *turns, gives her a ferocious look.*] She thinks you're a great guy now, don't she? But I'll put her wise. I'll tell her the kind of an egg you are.

CHRIS. Now, listen— [*Goes close to her.*] Shut up before you get hurt.

JULIA. [*Going close to him—in his face.*] Ah you wouldn't hurt me—you wouldn't dare hurt anybody.

CHRIS. No?

JULIA. [*Sneeringly—taunting.*] No—you'd hire it done.

CHRIS. Why you— [*Starts for her, controls himself.*]

JULIA. When I start telling what I know about you—oh boy, oh boy! Oh, boy! [*Laughs sneeringly—goes up on platform centre.*]

CHRIS. [*Following her up to right of her.*] If you ever open your trap—

JULIA. [*Tauntingly.*] What'll you do? [*Pause—they look at each other. He goes up right of bar.*] I suppose you'll beat me up. Well, say, if you ever beat me up— [CHRIS turns switch back of bar to start victrola, it starts immediately.] I'd go to my husband and give him the real low-down on you. [CHRIS looks up quickly.] How'd you like me to tell him that you planned the Frank Wardell hold-up last night? And, by God, that's what I'll do, too, if you don't shoot square with me. I'll blow the whole works—that would ruin you, wouldn't it—and probably make Tom the greatest guy on the force. [*She turns away left pouring herself another drink; drinks it. CHRIS takes apron from upper end of bar. Hides it behind him. She turns to him again.*] The Police Commissioner would get generous and raise his pay a couple of dollars more. [*She watches him, sees him holding something in back of him.*] What's the matter, Chris?

CHRIS. [*Coming down on her right.*] Nothing.

JULIA. Don't look at me like that.

CHRIS. How do you want me to look?

JULIA. What you got in your hand, there?

CHRIS. [*Advancing.*] What hand? [*Makes the switch, shows free left hand, the other one holding the waiter's apron in back of him.*]

JULIA. The other one, what is it? [*She is nervous, suspicious, but thinks he is kidding.*]

CHRIS. [*Making switch in back of him, puts out right hand, shows her free hand, he smiles and advances.*] Nothing.

JULIA. You got something in your hand. [*Now suspicious.*] Say, what are you up to? Get the hell away from me!

CHRIS. There is only one way to shut you up! [*Throws apron over her head. Twists it around her neck, ties it, strangling her.*]

JULIA. [*Moaning in prolonged dying pain.*] Oh, you dirty, lousy bastard. Ooo—oooh—oh, oh—oh! Oh! God, have mercy on me! [*He continues to strangle her—she lies lifeless as if she has fainted. The music stops.*]

[*The hall buzzer sounds sharply.*]

[CHRIS turns with terrified expression toward the door to make sure it is bolted. Looks about quickly and his eyes rest on the empty trunk. He places JULIA's body in it pulls down the lid and snaps the lock. There is a loud knock on hall door, a pause, then another. The instant this is done, CHRIS turns suddenly toward the outside door, then pauses, trying to think, turns up to bar, takes JULIA's unfinished cigarette, inhales deeply, then tiptoes to door left and listens intently—then very carefully opens peek-hole just enough to be able to glance out. He looks, taking care that no one from outside could see him. After looking he opens the shutter wide which gives him a view of the entire outside hall. To his great relief it is empty.]

[CHRIS closes the peek-hole, glances in check room to

assure himself that no one is in there, then looks upstairs, then goes right to gambling room, puts his hand on knob of door with the intention of opening it a crack—thinks better of it—opens door boldly and looks in. Assured there is no one there, he closes door. Then he turns, crosses to centre, stands looking at trunk for a second, goes quickly to it, grabs it as if to pull it out from bar, stops, considers, then forces himself to walk deliberately to wall phone above stairs. Takes a puff of cigarette. Presses button, takes down receiver, waits, smoking. After a pause he speaks very quietly into the phone, endeavoring to steady his voice.]

CHRIS. [*In phone.*] That you, Joe? [*Pause.*] Well, do your sleeping some other time. I want you to get dressed and go on an errand for me. [*Pause.*] Yes, right away. [*Hangs up phone, then goes to bar, thinking—glances at trunk, sees clasps are not fastened, snaps them shut; then goes back to bar and pours out a drink; drinks it and pours another; the inside elevator is seen coming up. Elevator door opens and BUDDY enters. CHRIS steps down, sees who it is, then goes back to bar again. Gulps down a drink and calmly leans back against bar. BUDDY closes elevator door and comes down steps to centre and crosses to left centre.*] Hello, Baby.

BUDDY. Why, Chris, how long have you been here?

CHRIS. [*Pause.*] Why? [*Comes down centre.*]

BUDDY. I've been trying to get in but nobody answered the buzzer.

CHRIS. How long ago?

BUDDY. Only a few minutes. I had to go down and come up by the inside elevator.

CHRIS. Well, I guess there wasn't anybody here. I just this minute came down myself. [*Goes calmly to bar.*] I've been checking up some booze that came today. [*Leans back against bar.*] What brought you over this afternoon?

BUDDY. Peggy told me Julia wanted to see me.

CHRIS. Why—is she sick?

BUDDY. She's been in bed all day.

CHRIS. Oh, that's too bad.

BUDDY. [*Going up into bar to left of him.*] You know, Chris, I'm worried about Julia.

CHRIS. Worried—why?

BUDDY. [*Pulls up left seat on bar and sits.*] She's been behaving so strangely and she's been full of booze nearly all the time.

CHRIS. I'll do everything I can for Julia but right now we've got something more important to talk about. [*Shows her telegram he has taken from JULIA.*] Look at this. See, Janney wants you. I'm expecting another wire any minute. You and I may have to go out there right away.

BUDDY. Right away?

CHRIS. Yes. I got the railroad tickets upstairs. Listen, I got a tip today that the show comes to New York in two weeks. That ain't going to give us much time.

BUDDY. [*Coming down centre.*] Oh, Chris, I'm afraid I couldn't go.

CHRIS. [*Following to right of her.*] Why not?

BUDDY. Well, of course, I know it's really all right, but I mean—how it would look.

CHRIS. How what would look?

BUDDY. You and I going out there together. People might get the wrong idea about it.

CHRIS. But, Buddy, we can't bother about what anybody is going to think. Just imagine what it means to us. A big career for you and a half a million bucks for me. We'd be crazy to let anything like that stand in the way, wouldn't we?

BUDDY. I'll tell you, Chris—you go out first—look it over—and—

[RAGS is seen coming hurriedly downstairs,—he stops, seeing BUDDY.]

RAGS. [*To BUDDY.*] Oh, excuse me, I thought you was modeling today.

BUDDY. I just finished and I had to come up here to see Julia.

RAGS. [*With a glance at CHRIS—goes down to left of settee.*] Oh.

BUDDY. Rags, do you know Mr. Miller.

RAGS. Backwards!

BUDDY. Rags!

CHRIS. Why, Buddy—is this fella a friend of yours?

BUDDY. Yes. We used to work together at the Half Moon.

CHRIS. Not the guy you told me about last night?

BUDDY. Yes.

CHRIS. Why, say, young fellow, I didn't know you was a friend of Buddy's.

RAGS. Well, you know it now, don't you?

CHRIS. Sure. From what Buddy said I thought you was out on the Coast.

RAGS. I was. And from the looks of things it's just as well I come back.

BUDDY. Rags—what do you mean by talking that way?

RAGS. I guess he knows what I mean.

CHRIS. [*Smiles.*] Now don't get up in the air, kid. If you're a friend of Buddy's I'd like to do anything I can to help you around here.

RAGS. [*Crossing BUDDY to CHRIS.*] Listen, I don't need any favors from you. I'm a two-fisted piano player and I can get along all by myself—comb that out of your whiskers. [*Goes up centre.*]

BUDDY. Rags—you apologize for saying that.

RAGS. Apologize? To who? [*Goes to front of bar.*]

CHRIS. [*Going to Buddy at left centre.*] I don't mind him, Buddy—listen, I'm going to get dressed. We'll go for a little ride before dinner and talk things over.

BUDDY. [*Looks at RAGS.*] I'm afraid I'd better not.

CHRIS. No? [*Looks at RAGS, then back at BUDDY.*]
Why not?

BUDDY. Well, I've got so much to do, I—

CHRIS. We both have. And a lot to talk about. That's why—

[*JOE enters downstairs left, dressed for street. He goes left of settee.*]

JOE. You want me to do errand now?

CHRIS. [*Crossing to landing foot of stairs.*] Yes. Come up to my room, Joe. I'll tell you what I want done. [*On landing—to BUDDY.*] I'll be ready in just a little while—come on, Joe. [*Exits upstairs followed by JOE.*]

RAGS. [*Comes down left of settee, looking after CHRIS.*]
So that's the palooka that's been buzzing you while I been away.

BUDDY. He isn't a palooka.

[*SCENE played with the settee between them.*]

RAGS. He certainly looks like a palooka.

BUDDY. I don't know what you were thinking of to insult him the way you did. And I can tell you this, Mr. Miller's a mighty good friend of mine.

RAGS. Yeah? What kind of a friend?

BUDDY. [*With meaning.*] Just a friend—and that's all. Why, he's done more for me than anyone I've ever met—if you want to know.

RAGS. [*Mocking her.*] Oh, he has?

BUDDY. Yes, he has.

RAGS. Did he ever write a swell number like "Everybody's Buddy" for you, the way I did?

BUDDY. Oh, I—didn't mean that you hadn't helped me, Rags. I didn't mean that—but Mr. Miller helped me to make the acquaintance of some very influential people.

RAGS. Well, what do you expect that to ever get you?

BUDDY. I don't expect it to GET me anything.

RAGS. While my heart's been busting for you, I come back and find out you been having a hell of a time with a bunch of jokers.

BUDDY. Don't you swear at me.

RAGS. Who the hell swore at you?

BUDDY. You did.

RAGS. Did I? Well, I'm sorry.

BUDDY. Just because I'm trying to improve myself and get to where I'll amount to something is no reason why you should yell and scream at me.

RAGS. I want you to amount to something more than anything else in the world—but just bein' able to say "how do you do" to a lot of lousy swells ain't gettin' you nowhere.

BUDDY. I'd be getting some where if I came to Broadway in a big musical show, wouldn't I?

RAGS. Musical show? Say, is this Miller egg trying to kid you he can do that for you?

BUDDY. No he isn't kidding me. He's doing it for me

—buying a half-interest in the show and he's giving me a crack at a swell part.

RAGS. Oh, my God! [*Puts hand to his head.*]

BUDDY. What do you mean by that?

RAGS. I mean it's the old gag that's been pulled in this town on come-ons like you for years.

BUDDY. Then you don't think he's sincere in trying to help me?

RAGS. Sincere. Aw, get wise. Where you been livin'? If he was on the level he could help you without tryin' to date you up all the time. You're a sap to go out to dinner with him.

BUDDY. Didn't you hear me tell him I couldn't go?

RAGS. Sure, I heard you—and I heard him, too. He talked like he owned you. I've only known that guy about twenty minutes and you've known him—I don't know how long—or HOW WELL—but I'll bet you my bank-book against a peanut that I know him a whole lot better than you do right now. That mug don't mean right by our Nell.

BUDDY. That's all crazy suspicion and if you think you're going to talk me into losing the one big chance I ever had you're very much mistaken.

RAGS. [*Going to her.*] My offer to marry you is the one big chance you ever had and if you don't grab me pretty soon you're going to regret it the rest of your life.

BUDDY. I love you, Rags—can't you understand that?



RAGS. All right then—why don't you take my advice and marry me? What do you say, will you?

BUDDY. Well,—I—I—

RAGS. Answer "Yes" or "No."

BUDDY. But I want to get ahead first.

RAGS. By God, I think you need one, the way you've been falling for Miller's line. I'm going to show you what kind of a guy he is and if you don't marry me then, I'll—I'll—I don't know what I'll do. [*Goes up to bar. During above JOE is seen staggering down-stairs.*]

JOE. [*To RAGS.*] Say—what you put in them drinks?

BUDDY. Why, what's the matter, Joe?

JOE. Gees, I'm sick. [*Sits on down-stage arm of settee.*]

BUDDY. [*Crossing to above settee—to RAGS.*] Have you been getting Joe drunk?

JOE. A whole shakerful.

[BUDDY looks accusingly at RAGS.]

RAGS. [*Going down to JOE on his right.*] I didn't think they would make him sick. You better go up and sleep it off, Joe.

JOE. I can't—got to do errand.

RAGS. What errand?

JOE. [*Rises with effort and goes up centre.*] Take this empty booze trunk to Grand Central and check it to Chicago.

[Pause while JOE goes to trunk, at upper end, and tries to lift it.]

BUDDY. Help him, Rags.

RAGS. Sure. [BUDDY sits—upper arm of settee.]

[RAGS takes lower end of trunk. They move trunk down a few feet. JOE collapses lengthwise on it, upper end and head downstage, his cap falling to the floor.]

JOE. God, I ain't able.

RAGS. [Bending over JOE.] All right, Joe, I'll take it down and check it for you.

JOE. [Lifting up his face until it is close to RAGS'—gratefully.] You will?

RAGS. Yes, but don't kiss me.

JOE. Thanks. [Rolls over on his right side as though to sleep.]

RAGS. Go on upstairs and sleep off that Brannigan. [Gives him a slap on the seat of his pants.]

JOE. [Getting up.] I can't go back upstairs, he'll see me. [Sits on trunk, left side.]

RAGS. Who will?

JOE. Mr. Miller.

RAGS. Miller? Are we doing this for that egg?

JOE. He always tends to the booze. [Gets to his feet.]

RAGS. Well, you go in there— [Indicates game room.] and park your fanny on one of those roulette tables. [Picks up his cap and hands it to him. Guides him

to game room door which he opens.] Have you a ticket to check it on?

JOE. [*Gets ticket from pocket.*] Here. [*Gives it to RAGS.*]

RAGS. I'll bring you back the check so Miller won't know you didn't do it.

JOE. Gees—thanks. I ain't never gonner drink no more. [*Exits to game room, almost bumping his nose on door as he goes. RAGS closes door.*]

BUDDY. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rags. [*Hall Busser is heard; BUDDY goes to door.*]

RAGS. I didn't think I'd be doing favors for that pa-looka of yours. [*Puts chair up right centre beside table. BUDDY looks at him indignantly, crosses to door and looks out shutter and opens hall door. RAGS starts to pull trunk down.*]

[*PEGGY and TOM HAYES enter.*]

PEGGY. [*Enters left followed by TOM. BUDDY bolts door. RAGS ducks into bar and hides behind it.*] Here's Tom Hayes.

[*PEGGY crosses to trunk and sits on it.*]

BUDDY. Hello.

TOM. Hello, Buddy. [*Goes to left centre.*] Would you mind letting Julia know that I'm down here?

BUDDY. [*Coming down on his left.*] Certainly, Tom. I just came over to see her myself, but I think she's upstairs lying down.

PEGGY. She was when I was up there a while ago. She didn't feel well and was going to take a little nap.

TOM. [*To BUDDY.*] Well, just tell her, will you?

BUDDY. Certainly. [*Exits upstairs. RAGS takes a peek at TOM, then ducks below bar. TOM sees him and goes to bar, speaking to RAGS, leaning over bar.*]

TOM. Hello, young fella. [*RAGS comes up from under bar, a bottle in his hand, which he puts on shelf, turns his back on TOM, saluting with right hand.*] Well, you're here just as you agreed. [*RAGS nods, turns away and cleans glasses.*] How's things? [*RAGS pantomimes he is busy.*] Busy? [*Goes to right side of bar; RAGS industriously polishes glass.*] What you worried about?

RAGS. [*Turning head quickly.*] Who's worried?

TOM. You act as if YOU were.

RAGS. I ain't worried—I got nothin' to worry about.

TOM. You're lucky. [*Pause.*] Heard anything more of that hold-up since I left you last night?

RAGS. No. I ain't heard nothin' or I ain't said nothin'. I don't want to get mixed up with no gold cigarette case, chop suey joints, hold-ups or detectives. [*Turns away to back of bar.*]

PEGGY. You needn't be afraid of Tom.

RAGS. [*Sceptically.*] Oh, no. Say, I can see it comin'—Julia will be down here in a minute and I don't want to be in the middle of no husband-and-wife battle. Those whom God has joined together—is none of my business. [*Goes down right centre and up to elevator, opening door.*]

PEGGY. [*Rises, crosses left above settee.*] I better go see what's keeping Buddy and Julia.

TOM. Thanks. I wish you would. [*PEGGY exits up-stairs. RAGS comes to trunk, starts to move trunk to right. TOM comes down left centre.*] Say, who's checking out? Whose trunk?

RAGS. Huh? [*Stops.*]

TOM. [*Crossing to trunk.*] You heard me—whose is this?

[*RAGS starts to pull trunk. TOM puts his foot on it, stopping RAGS.*]

RAGS. Say, you dicks are suspicious of everything and everybody—ain't you?

TOM. No, not exactly. I just happened to ask, that's all.

RAGS. Well, I don't know whose this is.

TOM. You don't?

RAGS. No. This is the trunk some wet goods came in, since you got to know.

TOM. Oh.

[*TOM removes his foot and turns away left a step. RAGS moves trunk to foot of stairs right, tries to lift it up first step; cannot.*]

RAGS. You might give me a hand with this. Will you?

TOM. [*Crosses to trunk.*] Sure.

RAGS. [*Coming down right of trunk.*] Say, you're a copper. Tell me something, will you? What ever become of prohibition?

TOM. Oh, I don't know. I guess they still have it in some places.

RAGS. [*Going to upper end of trunk.*] I'd like to know where. In the past forty weeks I've played every state in the Union and there wasn't a burg any place where you couldn't get all the poison you could pay for.

TOM. [*They lift trunk.*] Say, I thought you said this was empty. [*They take the trunk up the steps to elevator.*]

RAGS. I guess the bootlegger must have left his bill in it. [*Goes into elevator.*] That prohibition act sure is a wow, ain't it?

[*RAGS closes the elevator door and goes down with trunk in elevator. BUDDY and PEGGY come downstairs. BUDDY goes to centre, PEGGY left of settee left centre. TOM goes to right centre.*]

BUDDY. [*Entering and crossing front of settee to centre.*] Tom, Julia's gone out. She told Peggy she was going to stay in bed all day and sent for me to come and see her.

TOM. Oh, that's too bad. She shouldn't have gone out.

PEGGY. [*Left of settee left centre.*] Why?

TOM. [*Looking up at her and stalling.*] Not if she wasn't feeling well.

BUDDY. I'm dreadfully sorry.

PEGGY. Say, Tom, I've got an idea she's giving you the run-around. I think she's blown town.

TOM. Yeah? What makes you think so?

BUDDY. [*A step to her.*] Why do you say that?

PEGGY. Well, I noticed that some of her things are gone from her room.

BUDDY. Maybe she decided to move over to Mrs. Bradshaw's again.

PEGGY. Want me to phone over and ask Mrs. Bradshaw if Julia's there?

TOM. Will you, Peggy? Thanks.

[PEGGY goes into check room, closing upper half of door.]

BUDDY. [*Going to TOM.*] I'm worried about Julia, Tom. Peggy may be right. I didn't want to tell you, but she's been hitting the bottle pretty strong lately.

TOM. When she gets started on that stuff she can't stop. [*Turns right a step.*]

BUDDY. [*Going to him.*] You don't suspect her of being in on that hold-up last night, do you?

TOM. No. And Buddy, I don't want anyone else to suspect it—see? Do you think anyone does?

[*Elevator is seen coming up.*]

BUDDY. I haven't heard anyone say so.

TOM. You see, she's been traveling with such a swift bunch lately—

[RAGS comes up in elevator, opens door and comes out.]

PEGGY. [*Comes from phone booth, goes down left of settee.*] Mrs. Bradshaw hasn't heard from Julia.

BUDDY. I wonder where the dickens she is. Rags, did you see Julia today?

RAGS. [*Going to front of bar, and up right of it to booze cases.*] No, no. I don't know nothing about her.

BUDDY. [*Going up on his left.*] Did you hear anything about her moving or leaving town or anything?

RAGS. No, no—I didn't. [*Begins wiping off bar.*]

BUDDY. Tom is afraid she'll be arrested for being connected with that hold-up last night. [*RAGS stops and turns.*] We want to try to find her and help her if we can.

RAGS. Well, I haven't seen her.

PEGGY. I'll gamble she's breezing town.

BUDDY. [*Coming down centre a step.*] We've got to find her and try to stop her from doing anything foolish.

RAGS. [*Coming down to BUDDY to right of her.*] Wait a second, Buddy. You know this lay-out here better than I do. Where does your pal Miller get the booze that's shipped here in the trunks?

BUDDY. [*Peeved at RAGS' trying to bring MILLER into it.*] I don't know.

RAGS. Does he get it from Chicago?

BUDDY. Why don't you tend to your own spelling lessons?

RAGS. I was. I thought you wanted me to help you find out where Julia is?

BUDDY. Sure, I do. But what's the booze trunk got to do with it?

RAGS. Her clothes might be in it, don't you see?

BUDDY. No, I don't see.

TOM. Wait a minute. The kid may be getting hot. How long ago—

[CHRIS enters from upstairs left, dressed for the street. He wears hat and coat. Is surprised when he sees TOM.]

CHRIS. [*Stopping on platform.*] What's going on?

TOM. Hello, Miller.

CHRIS. We're seeing a great deal of you lately.

TOM. Yes.

CHRIS. This is just another friendly visit, I hope.

BUDDY. Yes, he's looking for his wife.

[*Long pause.*]

CHRIS. Oh, family troubles, eh? That let's me out.

BUDDY. Have you seen her today, Chris?

CHRIS. No, I haven't.

BUDDY. We're afraid she's leaving town.

[*Pause.*]

CHRIS. [*To RAGS.*] Oh, where's Joe?

RAGS. Just went downstairs with the empty booze trunk.

[TOM and RAGS exchange looks, RAGS going to back of bar and looking at TOM as he goes.]

CHRIS. Oh, thanks. [*Crosses to bar, back of settee.*] Has anybody asked Tom to have a drink? What'll you have, Tom?

TOM. I think I will go you a little bracer. [*Goes into bar, stands right side.*]

CHRIS. Come on. Give him that King George, there. That's the best there is—I'll have the same. [*Pats TOM on back. BUDDY crosses to right centre.*] Excuse me—[CHRIS starts down centre. Hall buzzer is heard. PEGGY peeks out shutter.] Who is it?

PEGGY. It's Dot and Rita.

CHRIS. Oh.

[CHRIS crosses to BUDDY at right centre. PEGGY unbolts door. DOT and RITA enter. PEGGY bolts door.]

DOT. [*Coming down left to settee with PEGGY and RITA.*] Have you seen the papers?

[*Girls peruse the paper. Three girls talk together, about article in Evening Telegram, which DOT is carrying. PEGGY explains to them about JULIA. RAGS places whiskey bottle and glasses on bar. TOM is seen whispering to RAGS.*]

CHRIS. [*Quietly to BUDDY.*] Sorry to keep you waiting, sweetheart. We'll go right along soon as I have one little drink.

BUDDY. I can't go to dinner with you tonight, Chris. I got to help Tom locate Julia.

[RAGS comes from behind bar, quietly going down in elevator.]

CHRIS. [*To* BUDDY, *quietly again.*] If you want to find her, what do you say if we drop in up at Madge's place?

BUDDY. That's an idea. All right, let's do that.

CHRIS. Fine. Then we'll be near the Claremont for dinner. You know, we have a lot to talk over about that—wait a minute—Tom's waiting to have a drink with me.

[CHRIS leaves BUDDY and joins TOM.]

PEGGY. [*To* BUDDY.] Say, did you see the latest?

BUDDY. What is it? Let's see.

DOT. [*Crossing to* BUDDY *with paper.*] It's about the hold-up last night.

RITA. It was Frank Wardell.

BUDDY. Oh! Do they say how he is? [*Takes paper from DOT, reads it.*]

PEGGY. [*To* CHRIS.] It says he croaked at Knickerbocker Hospital this noon.

BUDDY. Dead!

[CHRIS is pouring drink; his glass overflows.]

CHRIS. Gee—that's tough.

BUDDY. He was such a nice fellow, too.

[DOT crosses BUDDY to right of her.]

TOM. Yeah—it's going to be tough on somebody.

CHRIS. Yeah. Well, here's luck, Tom.

TOM. Thanks. I need it. [*They drink; TOM relishes his drink, looks at label on bottle.*] This is good stuff, Chris—where do you get it from?

CHRIS. Yes, that's the best there is.

TOM. Where did you say you got it from?

[*Elevator is seen coming up.*]

CHRIS. You ain't working with the Federal dicks are you, Tom?

[*Elevator door opens and RAGS steps out; the trunk is on the elevator. RAGS stands on platform; listens to scene.*]

TOM. You know better than that. After seeing all those cases piled up there, I was interested, that's all. [*Pointing to stack of cases that have been emptied from trunk.*] Where did you say it came from?

CHRIS. We get it shipped up here from Miami.

[*PEGGY sits on settee left side. RITA sits on down-stage arm of settee.*]

TOM. Miami, eh?

CHRIS. Yes. Want to take along a bottle?

TOM. No, thanks. Not now.

CHRIS. [*Pats TOM on back.*] Well, just let me know any time I can help you out, Tom. [*Steps away left.*]

TOM. [*Slowly.*] You can help me out right now. [*CHRIS turns—looks at him.*] Tell me who Julia left here with last night.

CHRIS. [*Quickly.*] For God's sake, Tom, I ain't your wife's guardian.

TOM. Did she go out with Frank Wardell last night?

CHRIS. [*Sharp—excited.*] I just told you I didn't know.

[BUDDY turns, watches CHRIS and TOM; the other girls look also.]

TOM. [*Slowly.*] All right, all right—don't get excited. You wanted me to let you know any time you could help me out.

CHRIS. Sure, but—

TOM. But what? You're the head gorilla here. You know what goes on. [*Pause.*] Frank Wardell left here a winner, didn't he?

CHRIS. Yes, I guess he did.

TOM. What time did he leave?

CHRIS. I don't remember what time anybody left.

TOM. Was Julia here after Wardell left?

CHRIS. Yes, I think she was.

TOM. Then she couldn't of gone out with Wardell, could she?

CHRIS. No, I don't think so.

TOM. Well, thanks, that's all I wanted to find out.

CHRIS. Geez, the way you started in on me, I thought you was going to mix me in that hold-up. [*Laughs.*]

TOM. Why, you were here all evening, how could I mix you up with it?

CHRIS. Well, you'll have to excuse me, now, Tom. I'm sorry to rush away but I got a little date. [*Crosses to BUDDY.*] Ready?

BUDDY. Sure. [*To TOM.*] If we find Julia up at Madge's I'll 'phone you. [*To all.*] So long, gang, see you later. [*Gives paper to DOT.*]

PEGGY. Keep your shoes shined, kid.

CHRIS. [*Going upper right.*] Sorry we have to run, Tom. Come on, sweetheart, let's mooch along.

RAGS. [*Coming down steps from elevator landing, pushes BUDDY to right of him, standing in front of CHRIS.*] Wait a second, Mr. Miller, before you do any mooching. You say that booze came from Miami—

BUDDY. You still butting in?

RAGS. [*To BUDDY.*] You shut up and keep out of this. [*BUDDY backs away right.*]

[*To CHRIS.*] Ain't that what you just told Tom?

CHRIS. Yes.

RAGS. Well, then, what's the idea of you having the trunk shipped to Chicago?

CHRIS. What the hell are you talking about? Does anybody know?

TOM. [*Coming down to left of CHRIS.*] He's talking about the trunk.

[*Long pause.*]

CHRIS. What trunk?

RAGS. This one here. [*Goes up in elevator, opens door, showing trunk.*]

CHRIS. Oh, the empty booze trunk!

RAGS. [*Pause, speaking as he slowly comes down the steps to right of CHRIS.*] Only it ain't empty. Everybody's talking about Julia skipping town on account of that hold-up last night.

BUDDY. Will you mind your own business?

RAGS. I told you to shut up, didn't I? [*To CHRIS.*] Now maybe you can tell 'em if Julia's clothes are being shipped out in this or not.

CHRIS. Aw, you're dizzy in the dome. I don't know anything about Julia or her clothes. [*To RAGS.*] And if you ever butt into my affairs again, I'll— [*Advances on him.*]

TOM. Wait a minute. [*Puts hand on CHRIS's shoulder, pulling him around.*] The kid was just trying to help us out.

RAGS. How about this railroad ticket? What are you shipping to Chicago then? [*Shows the railroad tickets to CHRIS, who takes them from him.*]

PEGGY. [*Rising and advancing to centre.*] Yes, that's what I'd like to know.

TOM. Any objection to telling them?

CHRIS. [*Looks at TOM.*] Just some gambling paraphernalia a pal of mine asked me to send on to him, that's all.

RAGS. Ben Fischer hired me to watch what goes out

of here and I'm going to do it. Does he know you're shipping his gambling stuff to Chicago?

CHRIS. This stuff belongs to me. Come on, Buddy.
[*Goes up to elevator.*]

RAGS. [*Stepping in front of BUDDY, grabs her arm.*]
No, she ain't going with you.

BUDDY. You're not going to give me orders. Let go!
You're hurting me!

CHRIS. [*Coming down to left of RAGS.*] Leave her alone. [*Grabbing RAGS by the arm he throws him to down right centre.*]

TOM. Hey, take it easy—take it easy.

[*BUDDY goes up on platform front of elevator, goes into elevator.*]

DOT. Is this a free-for-all?

CHRIS. Behave yourself now, or I'll smack you. [*Goes up to elevator.*]

RAGS. [*Starts after CHRIS again; TOM restrains him.*]
Smack me, you great, big, four-flushing crook!

[*CHRIS jumps into elevator and closes the door. The elevator takes CHRIS, BUDDY and the trunk down. Ad libs from RITA, DOT and PEGGY.*]

PEGGY. Oh, that dirty so and so!

RAGS. [*Excitedly to TOM.*] What's the idea of holding me? Why didn't you help me stop him?

TOM. I want to get something on him.

RAGS. He's robbing Ben Fischer! You're a hell of a detective to let him get away with that.

TOM. Don't worry. [*Crosses left.*] He won't get away far.

PEGGY. [*Going to up left centre.*] Say, you're going to get that trunk back, ain't you?

TOM. [*At hall door left.*] Peggy, you're a mind reader. [*Opens hall door and exits; PEGGY goes to hall door.*]

RAGS. [*Running left.*] To hell with the trunk—he's got Buddy with him. [*Rushes to check room for his cap.*]

PEGGY. Don't worry, kid. I'll look after her. [*Exits hall door left.*]

RING CURTAIN.

RAGS. [*Getting cap from check room.*] Yes, by God, and so will I! [*Exits into hall as*

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

ACT III

SCENE: *The lounge; a few hours later. Scene set same as Act I, except for chair right centre which is gone. Sliding doors centre and panels right and left of doors have been put back in place.*

AT RISE: *Crowd in the bar is not as large as the previous evening. The musicians are playing a snappy number—"Without You Sweetheart"—two choruses. Lights in bar are up full. The lounge lights are slightly dimmed. A shaft of amber light from entrance down left hits seat on stair landing left.*

RAGS *is behind bar serving drinks.*

DOT and other HOSTESSES *are drinking with men.*

Gambling room doors *are full open showing play going on there much the same as night before.*

HENNESSY *is standing in gambling room doorway.*

ELEVATOR BOY *enters from stairway with bills and three cash-in slips in his hand. He crosses to HENNESSY and gives them to him.*

ELEVATOR BOY. [*To HENNESSY.*] Mr. Miller says for you to keep the slips and collect from Mr. Fischer as soon as he comes in.

HENNESSY. All right.

[*ELEVATOR BOY goes to hall door as telephone rings. JOE comes from bar.*]

TISH. [*As he unlocks door and lets ELEVATOR BOY out, to JOE.*] Hey, Joe, answer that phone.

JOE. Sure. [*Goes into check room and speaks in phone. [During above, DR. ANDREWS comes from bar and crosses right to HENNESSY.]*]

HENNESSY. Oh, here you are, Doctor. [*Gives him some of the bills.*] Mr. Fischer was out and I had to send up to Mr. Miller for it.

DR. ANDREWS. That's all right. And I think I'll play a few more rolls. [*Goes into gambling room as HENNESSY smiles and bows to him, following him in.*]

[*Buzzer sounds. TISH peeks out shutter in hall door.*]

TISH. [*Going right a step.*] Hey, Dot.

DOT. [*Coming from bar.*] Yeah?

TISH. That bean pole you brung last night is outside here. Is he O. K.?

DOT. [*Back of settee.*] If he hasn't brought the police force with him, he is.

TISH. He's alone.

DOT. Let him in. These Southern yokes are gluttons for punishment.

JOE. [*Coming from phone booth, to TISH.*] The boss is on the phone. He wants to talk to Rags Conway.

TISH. Well, get him, can't ya?

[*JOE goes into bar. TISH opens door and FIRST CHUMP enters, hands his hat to TISH, who bolts the door and goes into check room. He returns as soon as he has deposited the hat. Stands guard at hall door.*]

FIRST CHUMP. Good evening, sir.

TISH. I'm all right, sir.

FIRST CHUMP. [*To DOT.*] Hello!

DOT. [*Going to him—greets him—affected.*] Well, well. This is a pleasant surprise. How are you, Herbie?

FIRST CHUMP. You-all get me mixed. My name is Clarence.

DOT. Of course—Clarence—how stupid of me. Anyway, I'm glad to see you again.

FIRST CHUMP. Herbie had to go back to Chattanooga.

DOT. That's hard luck.

FIRST CHUMP. I lost so much last night I couldn't afford to leave, so I decided to stay over and recoup.

DOT. 'Atta boy. You're no quitter.

FIRST CHUMP. [*Crosses front of DOT to back of settee.*] I should say not. Come on, I want to get started.

DOT. My tonsils are only hitting on one cylinder tonight. Let's have one little nip, huh?

FIRST CHUMP. No, ma'am. Not tonight. When I drink I get too generous.

DOT. Will you excuse me till I finish mine?

FIRST CHUMP. I'll wait here. [*Sits right of door centre. DOT goes into bar to finish her drink. PEGGY comes from game room, talks to FIRST CHUMP.*]

[*RAGS enters from bar, door left followed by JOE.*]

TISH. [*To RAGS.*] Ben's on the phone.

RAGS. Thanks.

JOE. [*Following RAGS.*] Say—have you said anything to Miller?

RAGS. What about?

JOE. The trunk. He gave me hell about it.

RAGS. Don't let that worry you none.

JOE. He's sore at me. 'Cause he had to take trunk down and check it himself.

RAGS. Wait a second. [*Goes into phone booth, closes upper half of door.*]

[*JOE waits for him.*]

TISH. What's the matter?

[*JOE explains in pantomime. DOT enters from bar, joins CHUMP.*]

DOT. Now I feel a lot better.

[*BUDDY comes downstairs left in evening gown. PEGGY goes into bar.*]

FIRST CHUMP. Good evening, ma'am.

BUDDY. [*Crosses to centre back of settee.*] Hello there, Tennessee. How's your luck tonight?

[*Hall door buzzer is heard.*]

FIRST CHUMP. [*Going to door right.*] I'm just going in to find out.

DOT. I'll keep my fingers crossed for "you-all."

[*CHUMP and DOT exit to gambling room. When the doors are open we see the same sort of crowd gambling*

as we did the night before. The purr of roulette wheels, buzz of voices, etc. are heard. The gambling room doors are closed by HENNESSY. BUDDY goes to right of settee.

TISH *opens hall door and ELEVATOR BOY enters.*]

ELEVATOR BOY. Here's another telegram just come for Mr. Miller.

TISH. Take it up to him. I can't leave here now.

ELEVATOR BOY. Oh, all right. [*Exits upstairs left.*]

BUDDY. [*Crossing to TISH, front of settee.*] Tish, has Julia shown up? [TISH *shakes his head "no."*] Has her husband?

TISH. Nope—I ain't seen neither of 'em.

[BUDDY *crosses right front of settee. RAGS comes from phone in check room, sees BUDDY, drops down left centre. JOE is still lying in wait for him.*]

JOE. [*Following RAGS.*] It's your fault. I don't want to get canned. You said you'd take it down and check it.

RAGS. [*To BUDDY.*] Hey there, High Hat, I want to see you.

BUDDY. [*Right of settee.*] What about?

[JOE *steps down in front of RAGS.*]

TISH. [*Coming down on RAGS' left.*] Rags, you know where the Boss is?

JOE. You fix it with Ben Fischer, will you?

MAN IN BAR. [*Looking for bartender.*] Can't I get a drink here?

TISH. Rags, what did Ben say on the phone just now?

RAGS. [*Trying to answer all the questions at once.*] Just a minute, Mister. [*Looks at bar, then to TISH and JOE—to TISH.*] On his way back from a gambling house in Jersey with a new floorman to take Hennessy's place. [*TISH goes up left to door.*] You tend bar for a while, Joe, and stop worrying about that Miller egg. Ben knows what a dirty lying crook Chris is. [*Looks at BUDDY.*] Anybody with brains of an ant knows that. [*BUDDY reacts to this slap at CHRIS.*] Go ahead, now—watch the bar.

JOE. Awright. [*Goes up and tends the bar.*]

BUDDY. [*Advancing a step to RAGS.*] Just because you don't like Chris is no reason for poisoning others against him.

RAGS. [*Crossing to BUDDY.*] Are you still believing the bunk that louse is handing you?

BUDDY. You got no license to knock him.

RAGS. I ain't, eh? Listen—I've been checking up on that guy and if you wasn't a lady—and if I didn't respect you—I'd call that palooka a cock-eyed, four-flushing double-crossing, low-down yellow-bellied, egotistical son-of-a—

BUDDY. Rags! [*Crosses him to his left.*] Don't you think that's enough?

RAGS. Enough? Listen, I ain't even started yet. [*BUDDY at left turns.*] They're all wise to him around here but you—and, by God, before I'm through I'll even prove it to you—as dumb as you are. [*Goes up centre to bar.*]

[BUDDY goes left and sits on seat on stair landing. JOE enters from bar with tray of highballs and crosses to game room, exits, closing doors. CHRIS comes downstairs with two-page telegram opened in his hand. He has been drinking. Is nervous and shaky. He crosses to centre then back to BUDDY, below her.]

CHRIS. Say Buddy, here's another wire I just got from Cliff Janney. You've got to start for Chicago tonight.

BUDDY. Tonight?

CHRIS. Yes, read it.

[CHRIS hands BUDDY the telegram. BUDDY reads it. He stands left of her. ELEVATOR BOY comes downstairs with CHRIS' suitcase, hat and coat. On signal from CHRIS he goes back and exits down left. He returns immediately without things. CHRIS unbolts door and lets ELEVATOR BOY out. Then he bolts door.]

BANJO PLAYER. [*In bar.*] Now, ladies and gentlemen, Max is gonna try out a set of new lyrics on youse.

A HOSTESS. Come on—listen to this. [*Crosses to piano.*]

SAXOPHONE PLAYER. It's called "Oo, la, la, elle est très jolie."

RAGS. If you do, you'll clean it up.

[*Crowd laughs.*]

PEGGY. [*Jumps up and sits on piano.*] Come on—be funny.

[*Lights dim as before. Crowd applaud. "Come on, Max, let's hear it." "Sh-sh, give 'em a chance, listen." The crowd surrounds the piano and listens attentively.*]

Parodies of "Hinky, dinky parlez-vous" are sung. The number is done very quietly—the rays of light shine on CHRIS and BUDDY on stairway left from entrance left and spot in border right.]

BUDDY. Oh, Chris, I don't see how I can possibly get ready to go tonight.

CHRIS. Sure you can. You got two hours before train time.

BUDDY. But think how it will look!

CHRIS. Oh, I mean for you to go alone. I can't go.

BUDDY. But I'm thinking of Julia. I ought to try to find her—and—

CHRIS. Listen, if I tell you a great big secret, will you promise you won't tell.

BUDDY. What is it?

CHRIS. Julia left for Chicago this afternoon.

BUDDY. [*Amazed—rises and comes off platform.*] She did? Chris—are you sure?

CHRIS. [*Drops down on her right.*] Sh—sh—don't give her away, will you?

BUDDY. I can't understand why she didn't leave some word for me.

CHRIS. Well, she did. But this is the first chance I've had to tell you about it. You see, she thought it wise to duck out for a while till that hold-up affair blows over.

BUDDY. Then she WAS in on it?

CHRIS. No—I don't think so—but she happened to be there with Wardell at the time.

BUDDY. Why didn't you tell her not to run away?

CHRIS. I didn't know it. She sent me word from the train. Now, you've got a great chance to help her, see? And you can be right there rehearsing at the same time. You're the one person that can help her—and you'll lose the chance with the show if you don't go out there tonight.

BUDDY. All right, Chris, I'll go.

CHRIS. Good. I knew you would. Now you pack your duds. I'll take you to the station. Here—I'll give you the tickets and some money. [*Reaches in inside coat pocket for them.*]

BUDDY. You hold on to them till you take me to the train. [*CHRIS makes a step right.*] Chris, how'll I explain to Ben and Rags and the others?

CHRIS. Just tell 'em you're going out to look at a part in a new musical show—that's the story for the mob here.

BUDDY. Sure. [*She goes up on stair landing left.*]

CHRIS. [*Following BUDDY to landing.*] Don't say nothing about Julia to any of them, will you?

BUDDY. No, I won't. [*Hall door buzzer is heard. TISH comes from check room—goes to hall door and peeks through shutter opening.*]

[BUDDY on stairs, turns and has a whispered talk with CHRIS. Crowd in bar have been attentively listening to Max's intimate number. He finishes. They laugh and applaud lightly and go back to bar where RAGS is busy serving drinks. Lights in the lounge come up full. RAGS working the dimmer for them. TISH opens the hall door and admits RITA and a TIMID MAN. BUDDY exits up the stairs. CHRIS exits down left. TISH takes TIMID MAN'S hat and checks it after bolting door; TIMID MAN stands at door as though dazed and amazed at the surroundings. RITA takes him by the arm.]

RITA. Come on, you'll like it here. We have the sweetest little bar in here where you can get the best liquor in town—and wait until you meet the other girls! [*Ad libs.*]

[RITA leads him to the bar where he trips on step leading up to it. She introduces him to a couple in bar. He shakes hands with the man. The man gives him a cocktail and turns to the bar for his own drink. RITA and another HOSTESS are getting their drinks and do not see TIMID MAN pour the cocktail into cuspidor. He then turns his back to them and takes out a roll of bills, peels off one of them and hides the rest. Then turns to bar, puts down empty glass as though he had drunk it and wipes his mouth on his handkerchief. CHRIS enters from down left, crosses back of settee to centre. During above the elevator in lounge is seen to rise. CHRIS hears pounding on the elevator door. He stops. He is startled—nervously goes to elevator door, peeks in. Sees who is in elevator and is relieved. He unlocks the door and HERMAN and three THUGS step

out. They are wearing ill-fitting dress clothes. Orchestra in bar plays "My Blue Heaven."]

CHRIS. [*Goes down right.*] Hello, Herman. Glad you come.

HERMAN. Come in, boys. [*Three THUGS enter and drop their hats on seat right of doors centre. HERMAN closes the elevator door after them but does not lock it. HERMAN goes to right of settee coming down right centre. FIRST THUG to right centre, SECOND THUG down right, THIRD THUG to extreme right.*] You know these gentlemen, don't you, Chris?

CHRIS. [*Shakes hands with THUGS.*] Sure. Hello Pinky—Mickey—

SECOND THUG. 'Lo.

CHRIS. [*Crossing to FIRST THUG.*] When did you get out, Onions? I thought you took a rap.

FIRST THUG. Aw—that was a short one—did it standing on me head.

[HENNESSY opens gambling room door and beckons CHRIS.]

HENNESSY. [*Seeing THUGS.*] Hello, fellas.

FIRST THUG. Hello, Hen.

HENNESSY. Oh, Chris.

CHRIS. [*Turning.*] Want to see me?

[HERMAN goes up right centre to back of settee; THIRD THUG goes back to centre and looks in bar; SECOND THUG looks in game room.]

HENNESSY. Yes, please. When you're not busy. [*Exits to gambling room, closing door after him.*]

TISH. [*Goes to left of settee; MICKEY, No. 3, crosses left back of settee to left of TISH and close to him; HERMAN goes to back of settee; THUGS, one and two, advance a few steps to right of settee.*] I want to see you, too.

CHRIS. [*Crossing FIRST THUG to TISH.*] What you got on your mind?

TISH. Ben Fischer gave strict orders not to let Herman and his friends in.

CHRIS. Yeah?

TISH. Yeah.

CHRIS. Well, go ahead, you put them out.

HERMAN. [*A step to back of settee.*] Come on, door-man, try to put us out.

FIRST THUG. Fat chance.

CHRIS. Listen, Tish, there's only one guy you're to keep out of here tonight—that's Tom Hayes. If he gets in you go out—on a stretcher. Got that?

TISH. [*Seeing that he is surrounded.*] Yeah. I got it. [*Slowly moves away to up left.*]

CHRIS. [*Crossing to right centre steering THUGS toward bar.*] Go ahead—have a drink, fellows. I got something to tell Hardware.

[*Three THUGS strut into bar apparently looking for trouble. TISH exits into check room unseen by CHRIS*

and watches him. SECOND THUG pushes RITA aside and goes to bar. FIRST THUG pushes his way through crowd and gets close to bar. THIRD THUG goes to rear of bar—pushing his way through. HERMAN goes to down left. CHRIS crosses to him back of settee.]

CHRIS. Here's some jack for you. I'm quittin' here tonight. [*Gives HERMAN five hundred.*]

HERMAN. What's up?

CHRIS. Nothing. Everything's jake. But I'm going out West for a spell.

HERMAN. Oh—goin' to Chicago with Buddy, eh?

CHRIS. Now, listen, after Buddy and me blows—you and your playmates knock this place for a loop.

HERMAN. It will be like lightnin' hit it when we're done.

CHRIS. Don't start till we're out.

[*CHRIS crosses right and exits into gambling room. FIRST THUG in bar starts talking.*]

FIRST THUG. [*Pushes PEGGY aside and leans across bar next to SECOND THUG.*] This is the punk that cut Herman out of his job.

MICKEY. It is, eh? [*Pushes MAN away, steps close to FIRST THUG; RITA in bar moves away to TIMID MAN who has gone right.*]

RAGS. Hey, roughneck, don't push. There's lots of room.

FIRST THUG. You talking to me?

RAGS. Yes, I'm talking to you. That's this lady's place.

FIRST THUG. Lady?

[HERMAN enters bar, pushing OLD MAN aside and joining THUGS. TISH appears left. He has overheard CHRIS and HERMAN.]

HERMAN. What's the matter, Onions?

FIRST THUG. Nothing. Drink up. [*They drink.*]

SECOND THUG. We gonna take that from him?

[THIRD THUG pushes PEGGY away from bar.]

PEGGY. [*Stepping down from bar, goes right a bit followed by a MAN.*] Where do you mugs think you are? At your private box at the opera or something?

FIRST THUG. Ewscray—

PEGGY. Get the hell away from me. [*To man who is with her.*] We better give these hoodlums plenty of room.

HERMAN. [*Crossing to PEGGY and MAN.*] Say, Dizzy, who you callin' hoodlums?

RAGS. Behave yourself.

FIRST THUG. [*To TIMID MAN.*] What? What did you say?

[*Two of the HOSTESSES exit back of bar, going left. The musicians stop playing and exit back of bar, going left.*]

rita. He didn't say nothing. [*To TIMID MAN who makes a bee-line for check room, following him to left.*] Say, listen, Mister—there's nothin' to be afraid of, honest.

[TISH goes to check room for TIMID MAN'S hat. RITA stops TIMID MAN at the door and implores him to return. She kisses him. His face lights up as he struts back to bar. MICKEY (third thug) comes down out of bar and meets him left of settee with a dirty look.]

MICKEY. Are you looking for trouble?

[Scared to death, TIMID MAN rushes out not waiting for his hat. TISH throws it after him.]

RITA. He's the wisest bimbo that's ever laid foot in this dive. [Crosses front of settee and exits into game room.]

[Six or seven extra people leave bar—some going into game room—others exit back of bar. PEGGY ushers man who is with her into the gambling room. Color wheel in bar stops. WHITE-HAIRED MAN comes from bar and goes to check room followed by lady. TISH gets their things and hands them to them.]

WHITE-HAIRED MAN. How did those thugs get in here?

LADY. I don't know what this place is coming to lately.

TISH. Don't blame me for everything that happens around here.

[Two MEN leave bar, going to check room for their hats while TISH is unbolting hall door.]

WHITE-HAIRED MAN. This is my last visit.

LADY. Mine, too—if we ever get away from here alive.

[TISH tries to explain to them as he gets their things and lets them out—the two MEN followed elderly COU-

PLE *into hall. TISH closes and bolts door. HERMAN and three THUGS come from the bar, going down right centre. SECOND THUG goes to left of settee and front of it and joins the others at right of settee.*]

RAGS. [*Coming from bar to HERMAN with bar-check.*] Hey, you.

HERMAN. Who the hell are you "hey you-ing"?

RAGS. I'm "hey you-ing" you—you signed Ben Fischer's name on this check. [*Hands HERMAN check and pencil.*]

HERMAN. Did I? I must a been thinking of Fischer. [*Signs check.*]

RAGS. Yes, you musta—

[*HERMAN hands him the check.*]

HERMAN. Well, I can think of Fischer if I wanta, can't I?

[*Lounge elevator goes down.*]

RAGS. [*Quickly turns up stage.*] Sure—but don't do it all over the check.

[*SECOND THUG steps toward him which quickens RAGS' step—RAGS goes up to bar.*]

FIRST THUG. [*To HERMAN.*] Well, we cleaned the bar for youse.

SECOND THUG. [*Following RAGS up a step.*] Sure did.

FIRST THUG. What's next?

HERMAN. [*Going to game room doors, opens them.*]

Come on in the sucker room. I'll show youse guys some big money—but don't start nothin' unless I give you the office. [*They exit to gambling room. Crowd seen playing. Everyone off but TISH and RAGS.*]

[HENNESSY closes the game room doors. TISH goes into check room and comes out with two revolvers.

RAGS comes out of left side door to bar and looks after the THUGS and HERMAN.]

TISH. [*Coming down on RAGS' left, hands him a revolver.*] Here—grab this cannon.

RAGS. Gee, you think it's going to be as bad as that?

TISH. [*Goes to hall door, peeks out peep-hole.*] Yeah.

RAGS. [*Putting revolver in inside coat pocket.*] They ought to furnish bullet proof vests with the wardrobe here. [*Sits on settee, takes off his shoe and puts his bank book in it.*]

TISH. Yeah. If we don't get them gorillas out you can say good-bye to this joint. [*Sees RAGS with his shoe off.*] What are you doing?

RAGS. I want to hide this bank book. [*Lounge elevator comes up.*] Say—are those cut-throats members here?

[TOM enters from elevator—quietly—stands listening.]

TISH. No. They're friends of Herman's. They come up by the inside elevator—Miller let 'em in.

RAGS. [*Rises and goes up left centre.*] Miller? Why should he want the place put on the bum?

TISH. [*Closing shutter and going to him.*] He's blowin' to Chicago tonight.

RAGS. [*Surprised.*] Miller? How do you know?

TISH. Heard him tellin' Herman. And—say—she's going with him.

RAGS. She? You mean—

TISH. [*TOM closes elevator door which attracts TISH's attention, TOM coming down right.*] Buddy. [*Sees TOM.*] Nix.

RAGS. [*Turns, sees TOM, goes back of settee.*] How did you break in?

TOM. Easy. The elevator door wasn't locked.

TISH. [*To RAGS.*] That's Miller's fault.

RAGS. [*Goes to TOM.*] Gee, I thought you were never going to show up.

TOM. [*Anxiously.*] No—no sign of Julia?

RAGS. No sign of her.

TOM. [*Taking a step down stage, to TISH.*] So Miller's planning on leaving town tonight, huh?

TISH. Is he?

TOM. I just heard you say so.

TISH. Oh! Then he is.

RAGS. [*Goes to TOM.*] And he's trying to take Buddy with him.

TOM. He is, eh?

RAGS. Say, you pinch him now while the pinching is good.

TOM. [*Goes up right to game room doors.*] Yeah. I

want to get something stronger on him than petty larceny.

RAGS. Petty larceny hell. He knows all about that holdup, and if you're as smart as I think you are, you'll nab him.

TOM. [*Coming down right.*] It's easy enough to make a pinch—but I want evidence that will hold in court.

RAGS. [*Scolds.*] Now, don't be silly. One charge is as good as another.

TOM. Well, first let's see what he tried to swipe in that trunk. [*TISH goes to down left centre.*]

RAGS. Why, did you get it?

TOM. [*Indicating TISH.*] That guy in on this?

RAGS. Sure—Tish is in on everything. He's O. K.

TOM. I had a hell of a job trying to get the day baggage man to release it—so I plunked a police stop on it till the night man came on. He's a friend of mine. He let me have it without a court order, so I brought it back. It's there on the elevator.

RAGS. [*Slaps him on the back.*] Hayes, you're there. I'm going to see what I can do about getting you promoted. [*Goes to TISH at left of settee.*] Have you got a key to that booze trunk?

TISH. No. Ben's got the trunk key with him.

RAGS. We can't ask Chris for his.

TOM. No. He thinks it's on the way to Chicago. Where can we hide that trunk till Fischer gets here?

TISH. [*Crossing RAGS to right.*] I've got a key to Ben's private office.

TOM. Good. We'll put it in there. Hurry up. [*TOM holds game room doors.*] I'll watch these doors.

[*RAGS goes up to elevator. TISH goes to office door down right, unlocks it.*]

RAGS. Give me a hand with this, Tish.

[*TISH goes up to platform front of elevator and helps RAGS with trunk.*]

TISH. You take the inside and I'll take the outside end.

[*They pick up trunk. RAGS closes elevator door. They carry it down the steps from platform front of elevator and down right to BEN'S office.*]

RAGS. They got this loaded with something all right.

TISH. They got to make these booze trunks heavy—the way they ship them around the country. Say—you're kinda weak, kid.

RAGS. Who's weak?

TISH. You ought to get out and get some exercise. This ain't nothin' to them beer kegs I used to rustle when I worked over on Third Avenue.

RAGS. Who the hell wants to go over there to get healthy?

[*Ad lib as they carry the trunk into BEN'S office and close the door. BUDDY comes downstairs.*]

BUDDY. [*Coming down to left of settee.*] Oh, hello, Tom.

TOM. [*Crossing to front of settee.*] How are you, Buddy? Well, I guess Julia has grabbed a rattler, huh?

BUDDY. Yes, Tom—I—I guess she has.

[*TISH enters from office down right, closes door and crosses back of settee to up left center.*]

TOM. [*Sitting on settee.*] I'm a hell of a detective—can't find my own wife.

BUDDY. [*Going to him.*] Don't worry, Tom. I'm going to find her. I'll bring her back.

TOM. I wonder if I could take a look up in her room?

BUDDY. Certainly, Tom. Tish, show Tom to Julia's room.

[*RAGS enters from office, closing door, and goes to up centre.*]

TISH. Sure. [*Starts for stairs left.*]

TOM. [*Rising, goes left.*] There might be a lead there that I've over-looked. [*Turns at foot of stairs—sees RAGS.*] Conway, let me know when Ben Fischer gets here. [*They exit upstairs.*]

RAGS. Sure. [*Goes down left centre looking off left after TOM.*] What a sap a guy is to fall for a dame that ain't got brains enough to appreciate him.

BUDDY. Are you addressing me?

RAGS. No. I'm talking to myself. [*Turning to her.*] Is it true that you're going to Chicago tonight?

BUDDY. Who told you that?

RAGS. Never mind—is it true?

BUDDY. Yes, it is. I'm going to Chicago to rehearse in Janney's show.

RAGS. Who you going out there with?

BUDDY. I'm going alone.

RAGS. You are like hell!

BUDDY. Well, I am.

RAGS. You're going out there with Chris Miller. That's who you're going with.

BUDDY. I'm not. I'm going alone.

RAGS. You may think you're going alone—but Chris Miller is going with you—Tish heard him telling Herman.

BUDDY. You're just making up that lie, I don't believe you. Chris told me he couldn't go—he had to stay here.

RAGS. Oh, for God's sake, Buddy—why he's trying to make you. That guy's the menace—and take it from me there's dirty work tonight at the cross-roads.

BUDDY. Well, let me tell you something—Rags Conway. I'm getting tired of your nagging. Chris Miller isn't always picking on me. [*Crosses front of him. Exits up stairs left.*] And I wish in the future you'd mind your own damn business.

RAGS. [*Calling after her.*] If you go with him I'll break your neck. [*Hall door buzzer is heard.*]

[*RAGS goes to door left. TISH enters from stairs.*]

TISH. I'll take it. [*Going up to door. Looks out of shutter.* RAGS goes to front of settee.] It's the boss.

[TISH *opens the door and BEN FISCHER enters followed by ALLEN, the new floorman.*]

BEN. [*To down left centre.*] This is Mr. Allen, Tish, the new floorman. [TISH *and ALLEN shake hands. TISH takes ALLEN's hat and coat.*] Mr. Allen, shake hands with Rags Conway. [RAGS *crosses BEN and shakes hands with MR. ALLEN who has dropped down left.*] Rags, why ain't you tending bar?

RAGS. Nobody to tend it for.

[BEN *turns right and looks at bar.*]

TISH. [*Coming down on BEN's left, takes his hat.*] Chris let Herman and some of his hoodlums in.

RAGS. And they scared out some of the victims.

BEN. Where are they?

TISH. [*Indicating game room.*] In there. [*Goes to check room with hats and coat, returns immediately.*]

BEN. [*Going to front of settee, then to left centre.*] I'll fix Miller—I'm buying out his interest. I'll get rid of him and his rotten crowd—for good. But, first, Tish, call out the girls. [TISH *starts right.*] I want to give 'em instructions in front of Mr. Allen—call Hennessy, too. I'm going to take great pleasure in giving him the air. [TISH *exits to gambling room. BEN goes to centre front of settee.*]

RAGS. [*Going to BEN.*] Miller tried to ship a trunk out of here today—he said it was some gambling stuff he was shipping to Chicago.

[ALLEN *goes up centre, listening.*]

BEN. Gambling stuff. Didn't I tell you to watch things? RAGS. Don't worry, I did. Tom Hayes got it back. It's in your private office. We been waiting for you to get here with the key to it. I'll call him. [*Exits upstairs.*]

[HENNESSY *enters from game room, comes down right.* ALLEN *goes into bar, out of sight of HENNESSY.*]

HENNESSY. You want me, Mr. Fischer?

BEN. Yes, I'm sorry to tell you that I'm glad I'm firing you. We don't need to have no words about it. I ain't been satisfied. You're too smart for me—so I'm paying you off. [*Gives him some money.*]

HENNESSY. Just as you say, Mr. Fischer, just as you say. Here's three pay-off slips that Mr. Miller advanced money for.

BEN. [*Looks at slips.*] Well, I'll hand the money to Miller. [*Puts slips in his pocket.*]

HENNESSY. Just as you say, Mr. Fischer. [*Starts for game room.*]

BEN. No, you don't go back in there. Here—here's an extra week's wages so you won't take no tables out in your pockets. [*Gives him more money.*] Now you just grab your dicer and get out.

HENNESSY. Well, of course, I won't remain where I'm not wanted. [*Crosses back of settee to check room where he gets his derby.*]

BEN. You bet you won't. I don't want to see nothing like you creeping around here no more.

HENNESSY. [*Crossing to door.*] That's good with me. I knew this graft couldn't last forever. [*Turns at door.*] I got enough out of it to open a dump of my own. [*Exits hall door.*]

BEN. [*To ALLEN.*] Can you blame me, Mr. Allen? I ask you? Can you?

[*BEN bolts door to hall and crosses down left centre. ALLEN, who has been watching him, comes down left centre.*]

[*Simultaneously with this, the gambling room doors right open and TISH and the HOSTESSES appear.*]

TISH. [*Entering.*] The boss wants to see you out here.

[*HOSTESSES cross to settee ad libbing and circle around it.*]

BEN. [*Crossing to front of settee centre.*] Listen, everybody—I called you all out here to meet Mr. Allen, my new floor man.

PEGGY. [*Back of settee.*] What's up, Pops?

[*JOE enters from game room with tray of empty glasses. Crosses to up centre, listens to scene.*]

BEN. [*Going to ALLEN.*] Mr. Allen, these are the hostesses.

ALLEN. Good evening, ladies. [*CHRIS enters from game room and goes down right.*]

BEN. [*Crossing to front of settee.*] Now, girls, a couple of things has happened lately to give this place a bad name. You might have read something in the papers today. Anyhow, I want you girls should get

along with Mr. Allen. He'll pay you your percentage on all your suckers lose. Now let's see if we can't all work together like one nice happy family. That's all, girls. [*Girls exit to game room, except PEGGY and RITA.*] Go ahead, Mr. Allen, you're in charge. Tish! [*Indicates that he should take care of ALLEN.*]

[*TISH leads the way to game room followed by ALLEN who exits, TISH exiting after him and closing the door. JOE goes into bar—doors centre—clears bar of empty glasses and returns bottles to shelves.*]

BEN. [*To RITA.*] Well, what you waiting for?

RITA. Say, what happens to Hennessy?

BEN. I gave that pussy-footing low-life his walking papers.

RITA. Oh, you did? Well, then, I'll do some walking too. [*Starts across left back of settee toward stairs.*]

PEGGY. Where you going, Rita?

RITA. I'm going to change my clothes and get out of here.

BEN. Yeah? What's the matter with you?

RITA. Nothing. I just happen to be Mrs. Hennessy, that's all. [*Goes up on platform and exits down left.*]

PEGGY. God knows that's enough. [*Exits to office. BEN starts right.*]

CHRIS. Now you fixed things your way, how are you going to settle with me?

BEN. I'm buying you out as quick as I can take an inventory of what I used to have here.

CHRIS. It can't come too quick to suit me.

BEN. For once we agree together. But I won't settle with you till you get your friend Herman and them other cut-throats out from here.

CHRIS. All right, but no checks understand. [*TISH enters from game room.*] I'll take nothing but cash. [*Exits to game room; TISH closes doors after him.*]

BEN. Yeah. You ain't taken nothing but cash ever since I seen you. [*Crosses right.*]

[*TISH crosses back of settee to up left centre. RAGS comes downstairs followed by TOM HAYES.*]

RAGS. [*Going to BEN.*] Oh, Ben, here's Tom. [*Crosses back of settee to right.*]

BEN. Hello, Hayes,—now what's this Rags was saying about a trunk?

RAGS. It's in here. [*Goes right to office and exits.*]

TOM. We been waiting for you to get here to open it.

BEN. [*Crossing right to office.*] This gambling business ain't no bed of roses. [*Exits to office followed by TOM who closes the door after him.*]

[*HERMAN and two THUGS enter from game room and go to bar. CHRIS, DUKE and SECOND THUG enter from game room. DUKE goes to check room, gets his hat and stick. SECOND THUG goes into bar and joins the others. BUDDY comes downstairs left, dressed for street, carrying small over-night bag.*]

TISH. [*To BUDDY.*] Rags wants to see you before you go.

BUDDY. I've seen him. [*Hands TISH note.*] Give this to him, please. That'll explain everything. [*TISH exits to check room.*]

CHRIS. [*Crossing front of settee to BUDDY who is up left.*] Going to the hotel, kid?

BUDDY. Yes. Gee, I only hope I'm doing what's right, Chris.

CHRIS. Course you are. I'll call for you in ten minutes and take you to the train. I got to see Ben about something first.

[*CHRIS opens the door for her. She exits hall door.*]

BUDDY. I'll wait in the lobby of the hotel for you.

[*CHRIS closes door and bolts it. Then goes down left.*]

DUKE. [*Who meets CHRIS as he comes down left centre.*] Chris, I've had enough for a while. It's getting a trifle too warm here. I feel the sea breezes would buck me up. Wire me at the Traymore if you need me for anything worth while. [*Shakes hands with CHRIS.*]

CHRIS. Just as you say, Duke. But I'm telling you there's absolutely nothing for us to worry about.

DUKE. Is that why you're going to Chi?

CHRIS. The reason I'm going to Chi—just went out that door.

DUKE. I don't know as I blame you. Good luck with her. [*Crossing to door left unbolts it.*] Cherio. [*Exits hall door left.*]

CHRIS. So long. [*Bolts door after him.*]

[*Laughter in bar. Ad lib from HERMAN. TISH comes*

from check room, sees that door is bolted and returns to check room. PEGGY dashes out of office, closes door, runs to bar, looks in, calls BUDDY'S name, then runs upstairs left.]

HERMAN. [*Coming to bar-room doors centre.*] What the hell's the matter with that dizzy dame? [*Returns to bar.*]

[*RAGS enters from office, closes door, and slowly crosses backstage to left unseen by CHRIS.*]

CHRIS. Tish! Tish! [*TISH comes down on his left from check room.*] Did Tom Hayes try to bust in here?

TISH. Nobody ain't done no bustin' here tonight—yet.

[*JOE comes from behind bar with empty glasses and exits back of bar room going left. CHRIS exits down left for hat, coat and grip. RAGS crosses behind him to hall door, tries to lock it, but there is no key.*]

RAGS. [*To TISH.*] Give me the key to this door.

TISH. What for?

RAGS. I want to lock it. Tom Hayes' orders—nobody to leave.

HERMAN. [*In bar—to others.*] We'll fill the old man so full of lead we can sell him for junk. [*Laughter.*]

[*TISH gives him the key. RAGS locks the door and takes key out of lock. Then he goes into check room to telephone. BEN enters from office, closes door, goes to centre front of settee.*]

BEN. Tish—Tish! [*TISH comes down to him.*] Is that doctor here tonight?

TISH. You mean Dr. Andrews?

BEN. Yes.

TISH. Yes, sir. He's still in there. [*Indicates gambling room.*]

[*BEN exits to gambling room. PEGGY comes downstairs left.*]

PEGGY. [*Going to TISH, excitedly.*] Where's Buddy?

TISH. She's gone over to her hotel.

[*CHRIS enters from down left with hat and coat and grip which he puts up left centre on built-in seat.*]

PEGGY. I want to get her. [*Unbolts hall door, tries to open it.*] Open the door, Tish. Why is it locked?

TISH. Orders—nobody to leave.

[*BEN and DR. ANDREWS come from gambling room and exit to BEN'S office, quickly closing the door after them.*]

PEGGY. But, Tish, I got to see Buddy. I got to see her!

[*CHRIS has nervously watched all this. HERMAN in bar turns at noise PEGGY is making.*]

CHRIS. [*Crosses to TISH on his right.*] What's this about locking the door?

TISH. Orders.

CHRIS. Whose orders?

TISH. Just orders.

[*HERMAN enters from bar room, goes down left centre a step.*]

HERMAN. What's the matter?

[FIRST THUG *enters from bar room, crosses to CHRIS.*]

FIRST THUG. What is it?

[*Other THUGS come from bar.*]

CHRIS. [*To TISH.*] Unlock this door. I—I got to get out.

TISH. I can't. I ain't got no key.

CHRIS. Herman, get the elevator up here quick. There's something coming off. [HERMAN *opens elevator door; the car is up.*] Onions, frisk him.

[FIRST THUG *grabs TISH and searches him, other THUGS surround him; SECOND THUG finds his gun.*]

SECOND THUG. Here's a gat.

[PEGGY *enters bar door left. Crosses through bar and out door right to elevator platform unseen by the others.*]

CHRIS. Hold on to it.

[SECOND THUG *pockets gun.*]

FIRST THUG. I can't find no key.

[*They release TISH who goes down left.*]

HERMAN. [*Coming back from elevator to front of settle.*] Elevator's O. K. It's up. What you mean, Chris, what's coming off?

[RAGS *comes from check room, goes down left.*]

CHRIS. Gees, I don't know yet.

HERMAN. Well, what you so nervous about?

RAGS. [*Going to right of TISH, passes him a revolver, which he holds in back of him.*] What's the matter, Tish?

TISH. [*Slips the revolver in back of him.*] They're looking for something they can't find.

CHRIS. You got the key to this door?

[SECOND THUG *to above* CHRIS. HERMAN *to right of* CHRIS.]

RAGS. Key?

[PEGGY *slips into elevator, leaving door open. Elevator goes down showing shaft. Unseen by all.*]

CHRIS. Yeah. What's the idea locking it?

RAGS. Is it locked?

CHRIS. Cut it. Where's the key?

RAGS. Oh, the key! I was hungry so I swallowed it.

CHRIS. Go through him! [FIRST and THIRD THUG *hold* RAGS. HERMAN *searches him.*] What the hell are you up to, huh? [*Goes up left centre and gets his hat and puts on his top coat.*]

RAGS. You thought you were going to Chicago with Buddy, didn't you? You filled her with a lot of hot air about how great you were and all you were going to do for her. You thought you were going to put another decent girl on the bum, but you ain't. [THUGS *restrain him from getting at* CHRIS—*ad libbing.*]

HERMAN. [*Finding nothing on* RAGS.] He musta swallowed it.

CHRIS. To hell with him and the door. We'll go down in the elevator, here. Come on. [*CHRIS and THUGS start across right. TOM comes from office, gun in hand. Slams door. CHRIS stops short, on seeing TOM. He is startled. So are the others.*] Hello, Hayes. [*Tries to calm himself.*] I didn't know you was here. Tish said—

TOM. Up! Up!

[*Gangsters all slowly raise their hands above their heads.*]

CHRIS. What—what you got on your mind, huh? What's the idea of the cap pistol?

FIRST THUG. [*Whispers to HERMAN.*] Who's this guy?

HERMAN. Ixnay—he's a dick.

FIRST THUG. A dick?

SECOND THUG. We ain't done nuttin'.

HERMAN. Youse ain't after us, are you, Hayes?

TOM. [*Coolly—to CHRIS.*] Come here.

CHRIS. Who the hell are you ordering around?

TOM. You—you rat! Come here or I'll drill you!

[*CHRIS nervously walks forward. HERMAN drops his left hand behind him slowly—for his gun. TISH sees him and covers him with his gun.*]

TISH. Uh uh!

[*HERMAN glances at TISH and quickly raises his hands again. The others see this.*]

TOM. Keep 'em up high—all of you.

[*They do so. TOM quickly frisks CHRIS—finds nothing.*]

HERMAN. What's he fanning you for, Chris? What you done?

FIRST THUG. What's the matter, Chris? What's this dick got on youse?

CHRIS. Nothin'—nothin'—he's got nothin' on me—not a thing.

RAGS. [*Coming down to back of settee.*] Not a thing but the trunk. He's got you dead to rights. You dirty murderer! You'll get the chair for this.

TOM. Line up—all of you. [*MICKEY and FIRST THUG step into line with HERMAN and SECOND THUG. TOM holds gun on them.*] Keep 'em up high. [*To RAGS.*]

Frisk these bums.

[*RAGS and TISH start to frisk them. TISH and RAGS counting aloud as they collect guns.*]

RAGS. One.

TISH. Two.

RAGS. Three.

TISH. Four.

[*TISH hands RAGS the two guns he has collected.*]

TOM. I'll take care of this rat. Lock 'em up somewhere till I can call the wagon.

TISH. [*To RAGS, handing him a key.*] Take this key—unlock my room—foot of the stairs. [*RAGS exits down left to unlock the door. TISH kicks FIRST THUG and turns him to left.*] Come on you, lively! Left—left!



I had a good job and I left! [*Gang faces left and all march off down left.*] Come on—the old daisy chain—you haven't been out long enough to need practice. [*Gang exit down left followed by TISH.*]

TOM. Now that we're alone I can hardly keep from pulling the trigger on you.

CHRIS. No—no—don't for God's sake. Give me a chance.

TOM. Yes. I'll give you a chance—to burn. Climb into these—Strangler! [*Takes hand-cuffs out of his pocket. TOM passes his gun from his right hand to his left and with his right hand starts to put the handcuffs on CHRIS' right wrist. CHRIS quickly slips his left heel back of TOM'S left leg and with his right hand grabs the gun. His left hand he places under TOM'S chin and pushes him over backwards. The gun is wrenched from TOM'S hand and TOM falls to the floor. CHRIS now has the gun and backs slowly up onto platform in front of elevator, keeping TOM covered.*]

CHRIS. [*Sneering—nervously.*] Haaa—you ain't so God-damn smart. Now come on—come on and get me.

[*CHRIS backs toward elevator—flings the the door open wide in back of him without looking. He suddenly turns and steps into elevator shaft and falls five stories to his death. As he disappears from view he is heard to scream. A dull thud and a crash of glass is heard. RAGS and TISH rush on from down left at the sound. RAGS runs up to elevator and looks down the shaft. TOM gets quickly to his feet and rushes up to elevator and looks down also.*]

TISH [*At left centre.*] Did he make a get-away?

TOM. [*Coming down from platform front of elevator.*] He went straight through.

TISH. Too bad. He owed me six bucks. [*Pause—TISH goes up left to check room.*]

TOM. [*Crossing back of settee.*] Now I'll phone for the wagon.

[*BEN comes from office followed by DR. ANDREWS carrying JULIA'S body in his arms. She is motionless.*]

BEN. [*Crossing to left front of settee.*] This way, Doctor, bring her right up here.

TOM. [*Stepping in front of DR. ANDREWS as he is passing settee.*] Doc—ain't there any chance?

DR. ANDREWS. I'm—I'm sorry.

TOM. You see—she's my—let me take her, will you, Doc?

[*DR. ANDREWS passes JULIA to him. Doors to the gambling room open and laughter is heard off in room.*]

FIRST CHUMP. [*Off-stage.*] And I let it all ride on black.

DOT. [*Off-stage.*] And black turned up four times!

[*Hall door buzzer is heard. Laughing and cries of "Good boy"—"Now's the time to quit" and "We'll celebrate with a bottle," etc. from game room. As TOM carries JULIA upstairs preceded by BEN and followed by DR. ANDREWS, DOT and FIRST CHUMP and two HOSTESSES and a MAN enter from gambling room. All talk and laugh. FIRST CHUMP is counting a roll of bills.*]

They exit to bar. RAGS comes down from landing front of elevator, goes to doors centre. TISH goes to door—of bar room with bottle, goes behind bar, calls the musicians from off up centre. Musicians enter and take their places. JOE closes left door to bar. RAGS closes left half of bar-room doors centre.]

TISH. [*To RAGS.*] It's the girls—got the key to this door? [*RAGS takes it out of his collar. TISH gets the key, unlocks door and throws back bolt. Opens hall door.*] Come in. [*RAGS finishes closing right half of bar doors centre then goes to up left centre.*]

[*BUDDY and PEGGY rush in excitedly. PEGGY is carrying BUDDY's bag. She places it near check room door.*]

BUDDY. [*Goes to RAGS—he takes her in his arms.*] Rags—Rags—Peggy told me about Julia. Where is she? [*Into his arms.*] God, isn't it terrible—poor Julia.

PEGGY. [*Starting for office back of settee to centre.*] Is she still in the office?

TISH. No—upstairs.

[*BEN enters top of stairs left. BUDDY starts for stairs.*]

BEN. [*Coming down.*] Please, Buddy, don't go up. [*Music in bar room is heard playing "Crazy Rhythm"—one chorus—no applause at finish.*]

RAGS. [*Crossing to BUDDY—takes her in his arms.*] Tom's with her.

[*BEN crosses slowly to right centre front of settee.*]

BEN. Did Tom arrest Miller?

RAGS. No. Chris tried to get away but he stepped into the elevator shaft.

[*Music softens.*]

PEGGY. Elevator? [*Going up to front of elevator—looks down shaft.*]

TISH. [*Crossing to back of settee.*] Yeah—take a look. He's all smashed to hell down there.

PEGGY. [*Closes elevator door.*]

[*Music is heard in bar—"Everybody's Buddy."*]

BEN. This is the finish for me—no more this kind of racket. I'm through. [*Exits into office.*]

PEGGY. Through?

BUDDY. I'm only a poor sap of a kid—I want somebody who'll be on the level with me, Rags. This is such a wicked town.

RAGS. Well, we shouldn't complain about the town—after all, we only paid the Indians a bottle of whiskey for it.

TISH. Sure, what the hell can you expect?

[*PEGGY exits to office.*]

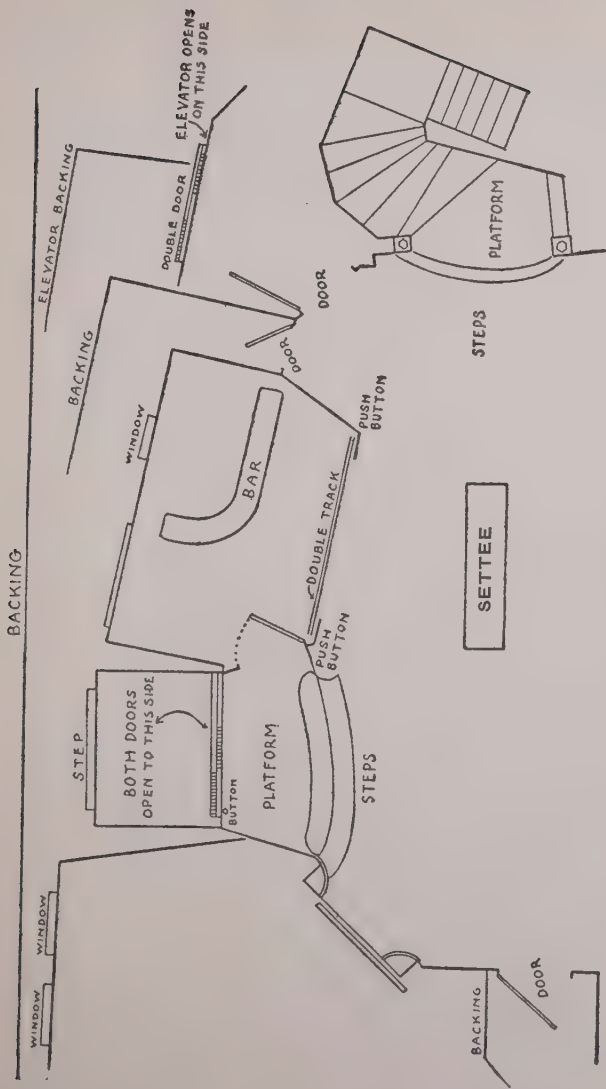
CURTAIN

APPENDIX

PROPS

Small settee with cushioned seat
Sofa cushion for settee
3 cushion seats for built-in seats R. and L. of doors C.
and stairway landing left
coffee table
1 side chair
1 small armchair
side chair for check room
coat room checks
small piano and bench [*Chinese red*]
Tray of drinks
5 nickel trays
highball and cigar on tray
Bottle of corn whiskey [*Chump*]
Small notebook [*Ben*]
Cigarettes [*Cyril*]
cigarettes [*Chris*]
small inter-office phone
grip, suitcase and music case [*Rags*]
Umbrella and cane [*Rags*]
small package [*Rags*]
"Graphic" and "Detective Story" magazine [*Tish*]
Desk phone and bell box
1 case of ginger-ale [*off up R. C.*]
cigarettes [*Rags*]
gold cigarette case [*Tom*]
colored cash-in slips [*Hennessy, Elevator Boy and Ben*]
Silver pencil [*Ben*]
empty glasses on tray [*off-right*]

green chips [*Wardell*]
cigarette box and matches on table [*R. C.*]
wall push-button
chips and money for game room
dozen ash-trays
fittings for bar, glasses, bottles, etc.
elevator call button
tray of drinks
money [*bills for Joe and Wardell*]
Union Dime Bank book [*Rags*]
keys and key-ring. One to fit office door [*Ben*]
4 bartender's aprons
keys to all doors
hall door buzzer and double
elevator door key [*Chris*]
cocktail shaker
oil mop and polish [*Joe*]
bottle of Scotch [*bar*]
King George Scotch [*bar*]
3 bottles of beer
5 cases of Scotch in trunk
special trunk with break-away
flat key to trunk [*Ben*]
key-ring, keys and flat-key to trunk [*Chris*]
empty beer bottle on bar—act II
order copy of booze shipped in trunk
Flower box and tag [*Tish, off-Right*]
victrola [*off up-center*]
telegram off-left [*Julia*]
green baize apron [*Hennessy*]
Chamois and roulette wheel brush [*Hennessy*]
Rag [*Joe*]
cocktail glasses [*bar*]
bottle of Perrier Water [*Bar*]
small pad on bar with two pencils



SCENE DESIGN
"NIGHT HOSTESS"

orange juice and water in shaker
dummy bottles of Scotch, gin, etc. on bar
large tub of cracked ice [*under bar*]
bar towels
highball glasses
beer glasses
whiskey glasses
money [*Ben for Herman and Hennessy*]
mattress for fall Act III
cigarettes [*Tom*]
telegram, cash-in slips and money [*Elevator boy*]
R. R. ticket for Chicago in R. R. envelope [*Joe*]
5 one-hundred-dollar bills [*Chris*]
order check pad and pencil [*on bar for Rags*]
note in envelope—lady's stationery [*Buddy*]
Key to hall door [*Tish*]
police revolver [*Tom*]
Revolver [*Herman*]
Revolver [*Tish—act II*]
4 revolvers for thugs
2 revolvers in check room [*Tish—act III*]
Handcuffs—solid type [*Tom*]
lady's over-night bag [*off-left for Buddy*]
gentleman's traveling bag [*off-left for Chris*]
large rug [*game room*]
office door key [*Tish*]
Elevator door key [*Joe*]
pail of water under bar to wash glasses
2 bent wood chairs painted to match piano in bar
10 bent wood chairs for game room
6 high chairs for game room
bottle openers and cork screws [*bar*]
extra keys for all doors
telegraph blanks, plain backs and envelopes
2 phonograph records: No. 1 Victor record 20503-B,

"Flapperette"; No. 2 Victor record 20588-A, "My
Pretty Girl"

Clip to hold order for booze in trunk

glass crash and thud for Chris' fall—act III

Fur-trimmed coat in Saks suit box [*off-left—Peggy*]

Red over-all carpet for stage

Corsage bouquet of orchids [*Peggy*]

LIGHT PLOT

ACT I

Everything full up

Foots: 2 circuits—I circuit amber and straw; 1 circuit pink

X-ray: 3 circuits—I circuit amber; 1 circuit pink; 1 circuit straw

Overhead spots on x-ray pipe. From Left—

#1—green—Hits up R. C.

#2—pink—hits R.

#3—amber—hits R. of settee

#4—pink baby spot. At Centre between sections x-ray.
Hits settee C.

#5—Pink. 250-watt at Centre to hit piano in bar at R. side of door. Not on at rise.

#6—amber. Hits L. of settee

#7—pink. Hits seat and landing on stairs Left

#8—green. Hits up L. C.

2 light amber strip on stairs Left

1000-watt spot, amber—in entrance L. Hits settee C.

2 light strip in office down R.

1000-watt hanging dome over roulette table in game room off R.

4 hanging tassel lamps. Full up

2 ceiling domes, R. and L., with 2 circuits. 1 60-watt amber lamp and 1 60-watt green lamp each

Transparent columns. 2 R. and 2 L. 2 circuits of small frosted amber and green lamps

1000-watt bunch—no color frame—back of bar backing

- 1 color wheel in motion—back of bar backing
- 1 strip light over doors in bar-room
- strip light over bar—assorted colored lamps
- 6 blue baby spots back of arch over doors to bar-room
- 1000-watt bunch back of window backing to bar-room
- 2 1000-watt bunches back of stained glass windows in game room
- 1000-watt bunch R. of elevator backing off-left
- 2 light amber strip in hall entrance U. L.
- 2 light ceiling pan in elevator ceiling U. R. with pendant switch at L. side of elevator
- 2 light strip attached to top of fake inside elevator gate.
- 2 light green strip top of elevator shaft for act III
- On cue: Dim-x-ray, foots, 5 overhead spots, tassels and 1000-watt bunch back of bar
- Dim—amber circuits in columns and domes, leaving the green circuit lighted
- Green spots R. and L. on x-ray pipe remain lighted
- On cue: Throw on pink 250-watt spot No. 5, to hit piano in bar.
- On cue: Come back to opening lights, taking off pink spot No. 5

ACT II

- Foots: 1 circuit of amber and straw. Full.
- X-ray: 2 circuits of amber and pink. Full.
- Bar room, full up. color wheel off.
- Hanging tassels lighted
- Domes and columns out
- Game room dome out
- 1000-watts back of all transparencies out
- Amber spot off Left out

ACT III

Same as in act I except pink circuit in foots is out.

On Cue : Dim as in act I leaving pink spot No. 7 on. Hits stair L.

Amber spot off L. turned to hit seat on stairs L.

Color wheel off on cue.

ELEVATOR CUES

ACT I

At Rise: Elevator is up. Outer doors closed. Inside door open.

1. —Leaving Mr. Wardell? Chris goes down.
2. —Keys like a gentleman? Comes up empty.
3. Herman enters elevator. Closes both doors. Goes down.
4. —do we party? Comes up. Herman opens both doors, then closes them.
5. Buddy's entrance. —Oh, Tom I— Goes down empty.
6. —buttin' into nothin'. Comes up with Chris and Duke.
7. Chris enters. Duke closes door. Goes down.

ACT II

At rise: Elevator is down. Trunk is on it.

1. —make any changes. Comes up with Herman.
2. Hennessy enters elevator. Closes doors. Goes down.
3. —out of this lousy racket. Comes up with Tish.
4. Tish and Ben enter elevator. Goes down.
5. —hello, kid. Comes up alone. Light on.
6. Herman enters elevator. Closes doors. Goes down.
7. Snap of trunk catches. Count 6. Comes up with Buddy.
8. Rags enters elevator with trunk. Goes down. Trunk to side.
9. —think anyone does? Comes up with Rags.

10. Rags enters elevator. Goes down.
11. —say you got it from? Comes up with Rags. Then trunk to centre.
12. Chris and Buddy enter elevator. Goes down.

ACT III

At Rise: Elevator is down. Lights out.

1. Buzzer after "Hinky Dinky" song. Count 4. Comes up.
2. Timid Man trips. Thugs knock on door.
3. Thugs enter and close doors. Load Trunk to one side.
4. —Fischer if I want to, can't I? Goes down alone.
5. —hide this bank book. Comes up with Tom.
6. Tom enters, closes door. Trunk to C.
7. —gimme the key. Remove slats under elevator so that it can drop to cellar and stand by for drop.
8. Peggy enters elevator. Click hinge and goes down.

DESCRIPTION OF ON-STAGE ELEVATOR AND ITS WORKING

The door to elevator slides on rollers. It is in two sections. The Right section has a screen porthole 4 feet from floor.

The porthole is 12 inches in diameter. This to show fake elevator going up and down.

The "fake," or inside elevator door, works on a frame which also slides on rollers directly behind the other doors. It is a part of the set and is not connected to the elevator proper. A strip of lights in a tin hood the width of the frame and 12 inches high represents the roof of the car and is attached to the end of a shade which is painted to represent the inside gate of an elevator. On the bottom of the frame is attached a spring roller around which the shade rolls. Ropes on both sides of the tin hood run up over pulleys and down on left side pulling the "fake" up or letting it down over the porthole, when the outside door is closed.

The practical elevator is only used for Peggy's exit in third act. Slates $1\frac{1}{2}'' \times 8''$ are slid under it to hold it up when "fake" is used. On given cue, slats are removed and men hold elevator up until Peggy is let down in it. The roof should be padded so that Chris will not be heard or hurt when he falls down shaft.

A practical shaft is sunk through stage. Runners of $2'' \times 4''$ s should be applied with graphite. There is a door [spring hinge] on back of shaft and one on back of elevator through which entrances and exits are made.

SUBSTITUTE FOR PRACTICAL ELEVATOR

The elevator instead of being in a shaft is set on rollers on the floor. On the Right side is attached a three-fold backing, painted to represent an air-shaft. When elevator is swung around, this backing unfolds and takes the place of the elevator, forming the elevator shaft.

EVERYBODY'S BUDDY

Words and Music by Richard Myers and Leo Robin.

Published by T. B. Harms & Co.

From out on Main Street
Came Buddy May
To that insane Street
They call Broadway.
Now in a night club she does her stuff
Pulls her bluff—well enough
But to that Plain Street so far away
She hopes to go some day and stay.

Chorus:

She's everybody's buddy
A pal to play and pet with
A gal that men forget with awhile
Everybody's buddy
Tho' she may be despairing
You'll see that she is wearing a smile.
While her voice rings out above the noise of the band,
While the boys are shouting 'Give the girlie a hand,'
Everybody's buddy
A toast for just an hour
Then like a faded flower
She's gone.

Royalty on this play payable to our
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